TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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DEADLOCK BROKEN AT LAST; DEMOCRATS NOMINATE DAVIS

DAVIS TICKET STIRS DOUBT IN DEMOCRATS

Confidence in Results Is Succeeded by Pessimism; Betting Odds Reflects Depression.

The feeling among Democrats and individual observers falls short of the enthusiasm that ran high at the moment of Davis' nomination, and the slump is reflected in the betting odds. There is a general feeling of lassitude and Democrats whisper among themselves, not very confidently.

It is a passing phase, of course, and without doubt there will be weeks in the campaign when betting odds will run more in favor of Davis and Democratic hopes will be restored.

It is easy to put one's finger on the reason for the slightly dazed feeling of the morning after, and the morning after that. It lies in a curious psychological about-face that accompanied the closing hours of the convention.

Feeling of Relief.

When Davis was nominated after two weeks of strenuous rancor there was a feeling of relief on the part of the utterly exhausted convention and of surprised exaltation on the part of those leaders who felt that Davis was the best man.

To add to that, at the same moment Senator Walsh of Montana was practically nominated for vice president, and literally by acclamation.

If it had not happened that Walsh held the gavel at the moment, and had not been able, by a pardonable sacrifice of parliamentary truth to personal modesty, to declare a recess against the practically unanimous wish of the convention, Walsh today would be the vice presidential candidate.

On Solid Land Again.

The convention took its recess thinking the ticket would be Davis and Walsh, and it was in that thought, that the exaltation arose. The party felt that after being 10 days in the swamp, it had not only climbed out on solid land, but had actually planted its feet on the tops of two of the highest mountain peaks within the party.

After the recess, the convention discovered, to its dismay, that Walsh would not accept the vice presidential nomination under any circumstances. Davis himself tried to persuade Walsh to accept, and some of the party leaders gave Walsh what they called "the third degree of pressure," but Walsh was firm in his refusal.

It was not merely that the party was to be deprived of Walsh's presence on the ticket, in addition, the party leaders feared his declination would be interpreted by the public as evidence that Walsh set a low valuation on the prospect of the ticket's success. Walsh had perfectly sound reasons for his declination, and put them in his public letter, but the leaders feared the other interpretation might be put upon the act by the uninformed public or by cynical Republican editors and other adversaries.

Meredith Frightened.

It is a fact that one other man, former Secretary of Agriculture E. T. Meredith, Iowa, took himself out of the running for the vice presidential nomination under circumstances such as to justify the deduction that Meredith, who is the publisher of farm papers widely circulated in the West, may have felt that the association with Davis on the ticket might be a detriment to him politically and in a business way.

Unquestionably there was a certain amount of that kind of feeling on the part of western leaders; a feeling to the effect that the nomination of Davis would be received with hostility west of the Mississippi.

Davis may overcome that later on. This writer thinks he will, but for the present it exists.

It was acute when the nomination for vice president was being made, and it had the effect of limiting the field of good choices. In the end, Governor Charles Bryan of Nebraska was selected. That added to the dismay already existing among some western leaders, and caused additional dismay among eastern leaders.

Loss of Votes Feared.

To the eastern leaders the word "Bryan" on the ticket was most unacceptable. They felt that such hostility to the Bryan family has arisen in the wet eastern cities that the nomination for vice president would alienate many voters. Some of the leaders went so far as to say that Davis' willingness to accept Bryan was evidence of want of judgment on his part. They felt that Davis ought to have waited for another day, and ought to have taken whatever other steps would have been necessary to get just the right kind of a man for his running mate.

Enthusiasm Expected.

All this accounts for the let-down in Democratic circles in New York and among the national leaders ever since the Bryan nomination gave a chill to the exalted enthusiasm that accompanied the choice of Davis.

The more surefooted leaders and the more farseeing ones are not disturbed, and confidently expect that by the middle of August there will be universal enthusiasm for the whole ticket. Charles Bryan is not merely William J.'s younger brother, he is a considerable person on his own account.

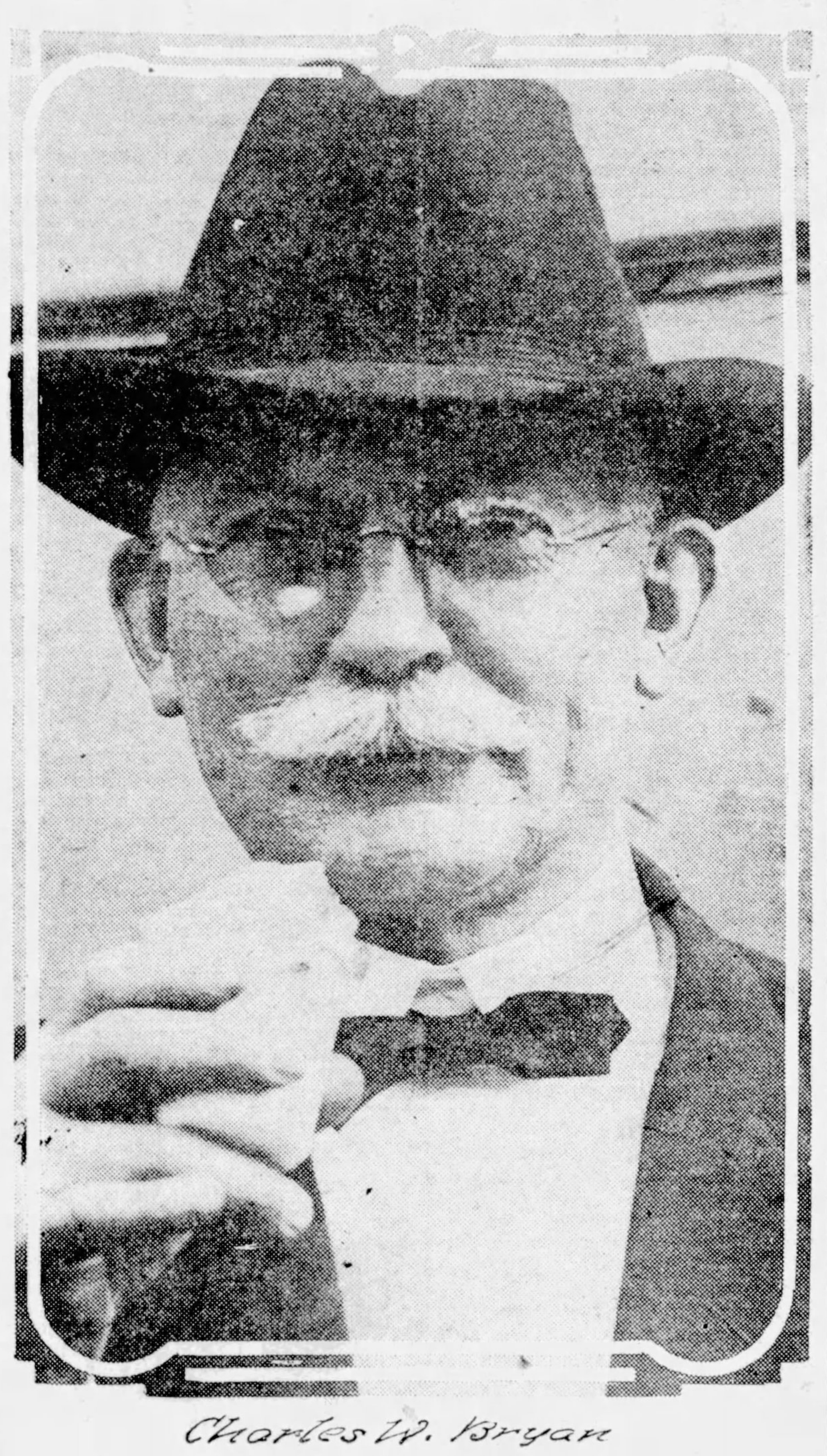
Careful inquiry made by the writer of persons competent to judge reveals the opinion that Charles Bryan as governor of Nebraska has made a very acceptable record. His appointments of judges and others have been good, his management of the state's business has been effective, and he has had a steady eye to reduce expenses and lower taxes.

Davis Whole Ticket.

However that may be, Davis will be the whole ticket, the whole platform and the whole campaign. Davis has the power to emit ideas, and if those ideas are as good as

Continued on Page Two

Hitched Up With John W. Davis



Charles W. Bryan

TAPS ARE SOUNDED AS FINAL TRIBUTE TO CALVIN, JUNIOR

In the little village cemetery at Plymouth, Vt., where the maples and evergreens throw long shadows across the old tombstones on the hillside, they buried Calvin Coolidge, 16-year-old son namesake of the President, last week. Restraining in large part outward manifestation of their sorrow, the President, Mrs. Coolidge and John, the elder son, stood with bowed heads during the short, simple commitment service until a marine bugler had blown "taps" across the grave.

The cemetery where Calvin was laid to rest lies on a little hill dominated by the Green mountains which overshadow this village. In the family plot lie the mother of the President, ancestors and kinsmen and in the same grassy row where the grave was dug are spaces reserved for the resting places of the President, John and his mother.

Much of official Washington, including eight cabinet members, the speaker of the nation's house of representatives and the governors of two states attended the services. The party from Washington came in the closely guarded train which was halted at Northampton for services in the Edwards Congregational church where Calvin was a member.

After the last note of taps had echoed away, the family group went for a short time to the old white farm house of the President's father, Colonel John C. Coolidge, where the President took his oath of office on Aug. 3 a year ago. Then, accompanied by the elder Coolidge, the little family, broken now by death, started on the journey back to Washington.

Mile Long Procession.

The funeral party upon arrival at the Ludlow railroad station, 13 miles away, halted as the six marines from the presidential yacht Mayflower, who had guarded the boy's bier constantly in Washington and on the train, carried the casket to the waiting hearse. Then the procession, more than a mile long, drove over the long road among the hills to the burial ground.

The party was forced to walk up the hillside to the spot where the grave had been prepared. After the marines had lowered the casket into place, a mixed quartet sang "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," the Rev. Kenneth B. Welles, Northampton pastor who had accepted Calvin into the church, read a few short passages from the Bible, then offered a brief prayer.

Softly, again, the quartet sang, "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," after reciting the verses of the hymn "He Leadeth Me." The Rev. Jason N. Pierce, pastor of the First Congregational church in Washington, read the commitment service.

Taps Are Sounded.

In the course of the prayer, Mrs. Coolidge brushed away tears and leaned heavily upon the President. The hands of old Colonel Coolidge, holding his hat, trembled noticeably. On the hillside and on the slope across the road were gathered hundreds of villagers, silent and sympathetic.

Taps were sounded then by the same marine bugler who had sounded the notes at the funerals of former President Wilson and President Harding and at the service for America's Unknown Soldier.

As the exercises ended, Boy Scouts, to which organization Calvin had belonged, filed by the grave, each dropping a rose as he passed.

The ceremony ended the long trip northward of the funeral train from Washington, which everywhere had drawn silent throngs of citizens.

The services at the cemetery were short, lasting less than 20 minutes. After the services a detail of 10 enlisted men, of the Vermont National Guard, under the command of Captain K. F. Underwood, was placed on guard over the boy's grave.

Height Recorded.

Following a time honored custom, not without its touch of pathos the President took his son John out to the front veranda and there, on the door post, marked his height and the date. Then, a little below, the President drew a second line and marked it "C. C.", the height that Calvin would have been. The post was marked many times, each apparently on the occasion of some new visit of the boys to the homestead.

U. S. to Use Eleven Billion Envelopes

Almost 11,000,000,000 stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers will be required by the postal service during the four years beginning Jan. 1 next and Postmaster General New announced that bids would be received until Aug. 7. The four-year supply will average about 100 envelopes and wrappers for every person in the country for the period. The department spends about $5,-000,000 a year for these accessories.

Prodigy Will Enter Oxford in the Fall

Frederick L. Santee, who attracted attention in educational circles by entering Harvard at the age of 13 and graduating at 17, will enter Oxford university in England next fall.

He is the son of Dr. Charles Santee, and won the Sheldon scholarship for one year's study abroad at Harvard. In addition to the scholarship he also landed the Parmenter, Price-Greenleaf, Greek Bowdoin and Greek-Latin Bowdoin prizes.

"I'M FOR DAVIS," M'ADOO SAYS; PROMISES AID

Unsuccessful Candidate for Democratic Nomination Finds Party Leader "Truly Progressive."

W. G. McAdoo in a statement issued last week said that he would give John W. Davis his cordial support and take part in the campaign:

"I am satisfied that Mr. Davis is in full accord with the progressive program outlined in the Democratic platform," Mr. McAdoo said. "I am confident that as president he would faithfully execute the party's mandate."

Referring to criticism from some quarters against Davis because of his connections with certain interests as a lawyer, Mr. McAdoo said:

"Mr. Davis' high character, integrity and services should satisfy every apprehension of that sort.

"If I didn't believe this," continued Mr. McAdoo. "I couldn't render aid because I have always believed that the interests of the people should not be subordinated to a merely slavish partisanship. The influence and power of the progressive forces must not be dissipated by division between various political movements; they must rather be consolidated and used like an irresistible battering ram for that party which offers the best instrumentality for service to the people."

Friends for Years.

Mr. McAdoo's statement in full:

"Mr. Davis and I have been friends for the last 12 years and I had the pleasure of discussing the political situation with him yesterday. The great body of progressive Democrats who supported me so strongly in the convention have been anxious to know my attitude toward Mr. Davis' candidacy. My visit was for the purpose of learning from Mr. Davis his views on the important issues before the country. I am satisfied that he is in accord with the progressive program outlined in the Democratic platform.

"Mr. Davis' professional connections and his associations with great banking houses and corporate interests, although considered ethical in every way, have raised doubt in the minds of many as to his progressivism and as to his complete sympathy with the great reforms the Democratic party must execute if it is to serve the interests of the people.

Doubts Not Justified.

"These doubts are not justified because a lawyer's views on economic, political and social questions are no more to be judged by his professional associations than is a physician's to be judged by the character of his patients. Mr. Davis should be judged by his opinions, not those of his clients, and by the impression of sincerity and ability he creates in the public discussion of the issues.

"Mr. Davis' high character, integrity and service should satisfy any apprehension of this sort. I am confident that, as president, he would faithfully execute the party's progressive mandate. If I did not believe this I could not render aid, because I have always believed that the interests of the people should not be subordinated to a merely slavish partisanship.

"There is deep seated determination on the part of the progressive forces, and those outside of the party desiring to co-operate, to force prompt and decisive action on the part of the next administration for solution of the pressing problems of agriculture, transportation, tariff, taxation and foreign relations which have been so horribly manhandled by the Republican administration.

"The influence and power of these progressive forces must not be dissipated by division between various political movements; they must rather be consolidated and used like an irresistible battering ram for that party which offers the best instrumentality for service to the people.

"Clearly there is no promise in the Republican party. Clearly there is promise in the Democratic party, if this progressive influence is wisely and vigorously used within that political organization. The hope of genuine reforms and progress is more likely to be realized at this time through the Democratic party than through any of its opponents.

"I shall therefore give the Davis-Bryan ticket my cordial support and shall take part in the campaign on my return in September."

WAR PAY PLAN AGREED UPON BY PREMIERS

Proposed Solutions for Dawes Settlement Are Drawn Up by MacDonald and Herriot.

A joint note to the allies suggesting how the different questions connected with the application of the Dawes plan might be settled has been drawn up at the conference between Prime Minister MacDonald and Premier Herriot of France.

Mr. MacDonald said the documents he had drawn up with M. Herriot constituted the joint note which explained how the Dawes plan problems might be settled at the interallied London conference which remained fixed for July 16. He declared there was no thought of postponing the conference.

Move Toward Peace.

The British prime minister, receiving representatives of the press after his conference with the French premier, said:

"We have succeeded in making a substantial beginning toward a full accord between France and Great Britain."

Declaring there was no intention to postpone the London conference, he added: "What an effect it would produce if we postponed it even for a short time. We have invited the Americans to be present and they might think it queer if we were unable to go on with the conference at the date which was fixed for it."

Well Received.

The result of the conference between Premier Herriot and Premier MacDonald is generally well received in the press except by the Poincarist opposition, although even "Pertinax" is obliged grudgingly to admit that M. Herriot "more effectively defended the French cause than in the pipe-to-pipe conference at Chequers." He concludes, however, that "the Chequers chain is loosened; it is not broken."

The aims and objects of the interallied conference and the views of France and Great Britain as to how the controversial points at issue may be settled are set forth in the text which Prime Minister MacDonald and M. Herriot agreed should be substituted for the British text which caused a storm of protests in opposition circles in France.

Welcomes U. S.

The new text first expresses the satisfaction of the allies that the United States has decided to have a representative present at the conference. Then it sets forth a series of provisions: First, both countries confirm their acceptance of the Dawes report; second, they agree that the arrangements to be made under the Dawes plan must not infringe upon the authority of the reparation commission;

Third, in case the reparation commission declares Germany in voluntary default in the execution of the Dawes plan, the interested governments undertake to confer immediately as to the measures for putting into effect the penalties, concerning which they shall have come to an agreement previously for their protection and for the protection of the subscribers to the loan to Germany;

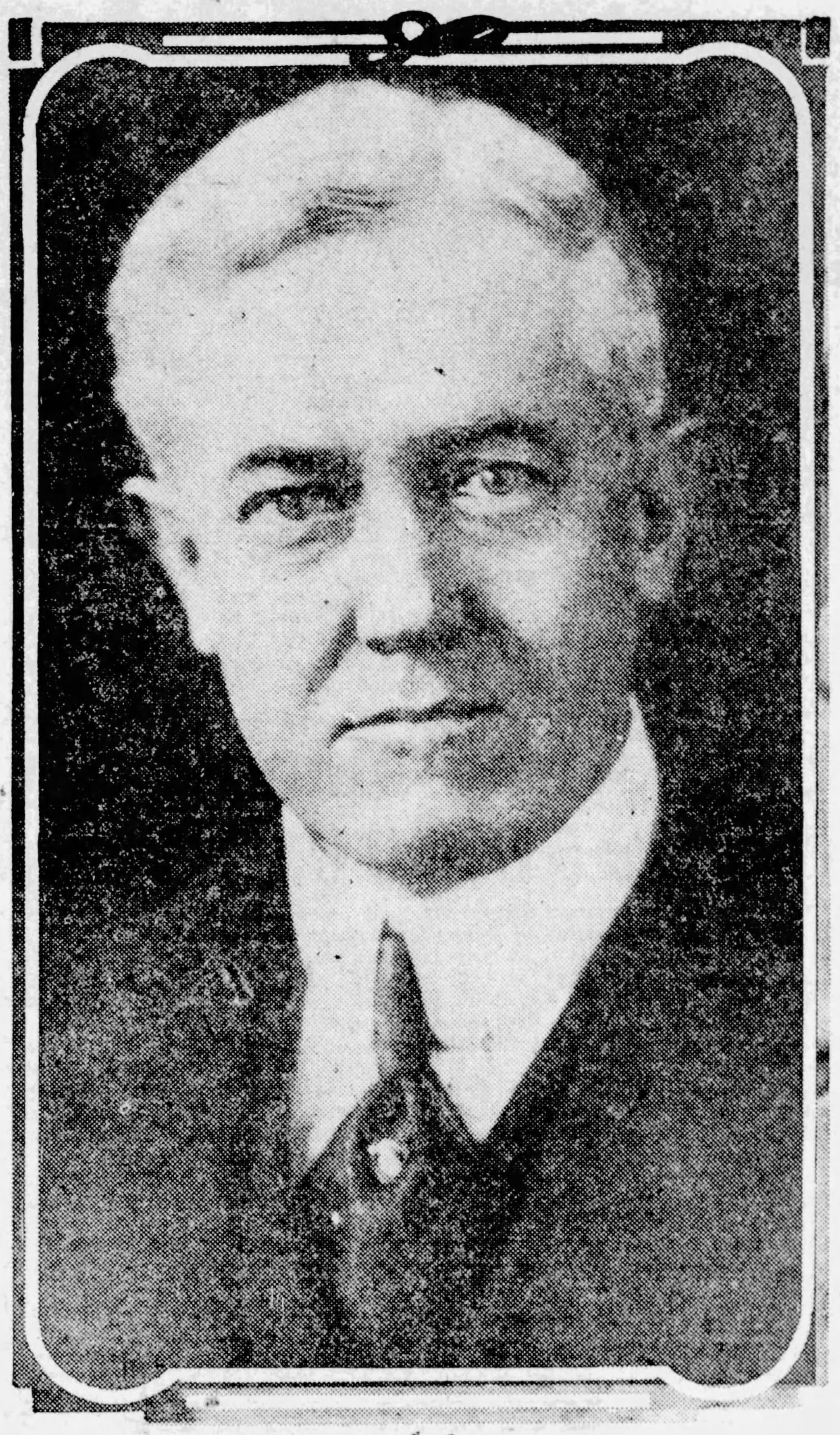
Fiscal Unity Sought.

Fourth, the plan whereby the economic and fiscal unity of Germany shall be re-established when the reparation commission shall have reported the Dawes plan in effect, will be drawn up by the interallied conference;

Fifth, common accord of the governments alone can modify the experts plan in case experience proves that changes are necessary;

Sixth, the allies shall set up an organization to study the report on the utilization of payments made by Germany toward reparation.

Chosen to Lead Democrats



John W. Davis

BOBCAT PARTY IN HIGH GLEE

LaFollette Followers See Davis Nomination as Boost for Them.

The pleasure among Democrats in the capital over the nomination of John W. Davis for the presidency was not greater or more genuine than that of the supporters of Senator Robert M. LaFollette.

The LaFollette followers and officers of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which indorsed the Wisconsin senator's presidential candidacy at Cleveland, were elated.

"It is the best thing that could have happened," said William H. Johnston, chairman of the Cleveland convention. "The American people can no longer be fooled. Wall street has captured two tickets.

"There is only one issue now. It is, who will control this government—the people or Wall street? That has been the issue right along, but until this bold action at Madison Square Garden the Wall street crowd has always managed to draw a red herring across the trail in the shape of a seemingly progressive candidate on one ticket or another.

"Now it is in the open and we intend to ask no quarter and give none. We are no longer engaged in the making of a third party—but in the making of a first party."

The elimination of McAdoo will help the LaFollette cause, his supporters say, in view of the fact that LaFollette will now receive the support of thousands of railroad employes.

NOMINEE IS PRESBYTERIAN

If Elected, John W. Davis Will Be Eighth From Denomination.

If John W. Davis is elected he will be the eighth Presbyterian president of the United States and this will bring the number of such presidents even with the number who have been communicants of the Protestant Episcopal church, the latter at present holding the palm with eight presidents.

Mrs. Davis is a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal church, and Mr. Davis attends Sunday morning services with her in the Church of St. John of Lattingtown at Locust Valley, the rector of which is the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hinton.

Few of the intimate friends of the Davises were happier at the outcome of the convention than Dr. Hinton. He sent Mr. Davis this telegram:

"Sincere congratulations. I had faith that you would be nominated and it is strong for your election."

Dawes Is Congregationalist.

Charles G. Dawes, Republican candidate for vice president, attends the First Congregationalist church in Evanston, Ill., of which the Rev. Dr. Hugher Elmer Brown is pastor. Mrs. Dawes is a member of this church.

President Coolidge united with the First Congregational church in Washington last October. He is the first Congregational president.

Warren G. Harding was the first Baptist president.

Besides Grover Cleveland, the Presbyterian presidents were: Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Benjamin Harrison and Wilson. Abraham Lincoln did not unite with a church, but during the years he was in Washington he was a regular attendant at the New York Avenue Presbyterian church.

Episcopal Presidents.

The Episcopal presidents were Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur.

The Unitarians were John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore and Taft.

The Methodist presidents were Johnson, Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

Van Buren and Roosevelt were members of the Dutch Reformed church.

Garfield was a member of the Church of the Disciples of Christ.

Jefferson was a liberal.

Polo Game Costs Chile Player $20,000

To one game of polo—$20,000.

This is virtually the bill that Baron Shroeder, famous Chilean polo player, will have to meet for his polo playing season in England due to the intemperate English climate.

The Baron arrived some weeks ago with 14 selected polo ponies brought specially from Chile for his matches, but so far the weather has permitted him to play only one game.

He estimates that this single game will have cost him $20,000 unless the weather improves and allows him to participate in more matches.

CHARLES BRYAN IS CHOICE FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Candidates Will Conduct Active Speaking Campaign; 103 Ballots Taken During Convention.

John W. Davis, West Virginia, and Governor Charles W. Bryan, Nebraska, are the Democratic party's candidates for president and vice president.

Mr. Davis intends to carry his fight direct to the country in a series of addresses, a number of which will be delivered in the West.

The tentative plan for Governor Bryan, the Democratic vice presidential nominee, is that the Nebraska executive shall devote a major portion of his time and energies to the Mississippi valley and northwestern sections.

While it was emphasized that all plans were tentative, there seemed little doubt in the minds of influential party leaders that the most strenuous work of the campaign would be in the pivotal states west of the Mississippi. Problems with which Governor Bryan has had most intimate contact for a number of years, will be dealt with.

Wins on 103rd Ballot.

Emerging on the 103rd ballot as the Democratic national convention's choice for a presidential candidate, the West Virginia lawyer and diplomat swept away great waves of bitterness churned up in the 15 days of stormy conflict. Then, taking command immediately, the new head of the party guided the convention swiftly toward selection of his running mate, the brother of William Jennings Bryan, his most vigorous opponent throughout the balloting.

When the convention adjourned at 2:24 A. M. July 10 it had filled many new pages of political history, rising in dramatic force from the violent struggle 12 days before over naming the Ku Klux Klan in the party platform, through the record-breaking deadlock between the supporters of William G. McAdoo and Governor Alfred E. Smith that held through 100 ballots before a presidential nomination was in sight.

And in the closing scenes came a new precedent in the personal appearance of the nominee to acknowledge his gratitude, and his prompt assumption of command.

The final adjournment that marked the formal ending of the convention came two minutes after Governor Bryan had been declared nominated for the vice presidency.

Bryan's nomination was accomplished with a single ballot, through the changing of many votes that eliminated most of the 30 names that first appeared, but it was not made unanimous. The weary delegates had finished their work.

Not all of the scars suffered in the long struggle had been healed at the end, although the votes which lifted Davis to victory came from both principal factions. A handful of diehards in the McAdoo and Smith camps, however, took no part in the colorful and harmonious conclusion.

When the trend turned definitely away from their idols, many of the leaders in the long fight for McAdoo and some of those who had struggled with equal zeal for Governor Smith were absent for the first time in days but others were on hand expressing happiness in the decision.

Smith Makes Speech.

Governor Smith, after sending Mr. Davis a message of "best wishes for success and my promise of heartiest support," accepted an invitation to address the convention and reiterated his pledge.

"I'll take off my coat and vest," he said, "and so will everybody else who follows me in this state, and do what we can to improve conditions in the United States by the election of the ticket."

A similar invitation extended to Mr. McAdoo was not accepted and he made no comment beyond a message to Mr. Davis, saying: "Please accept congratulations on your nomination."

William Jennings Bryan, although asserting that he would "support the ticket," was clearly disappointed at first, but his spirits rose as developments progressed toward the nomination of his brother for the vice presidency, and at the end he was smiling broadly, convinced, he told friends, that the decision to put the western governor on the ticket assured a campaign for progressive principles.

Walsh Escapes Capture.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Montana, chairman of the convention, after Mr. Davis had swept the field on the 103rd ballot, avoided the vice presidential nomination by acclamation only by declaring an adjournment until 8:30 P. M. in the face of a thundering chorus of "noes" against such action. Throughout the recess he maintained his stand, insisting that his usefulness would be greater as a senator and his decision was reiterated in a letter read at the opening of the night session by Representative Barkley of Kentucky, to whom he had turned over the chair.

E. T. Meredith, Iowa, secretary of agriculture in the Wilson cabinet, who had been selected by many of the McAdoo leaders to receive his strength for the presidential nomination after he released it, then emerged as the most prominent prospect for the second place on the ticket, but he, too, was firm in his determination not to be considered and the nomination of various vice presidential candidates proceeded.

The period of speech making starting with an address by James

Continued on Page Two

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS, Democratic nominee for president of the United States, is one of the finest men in this big country. That is the expressed opinion of Democratic leaders and delegates, arrived at after the long, weary, and often dreary New York convention had come to an end. Up to the 102d ballot Mr. Davis had not been so highly spoken of. Before that ballot, which was the one that nominated him as Democracy's standard bearer, he was not so fine. Such was the opinion of Democratic leaders and delegates.

During the early periods of balloting Mr. Davis was just ordinary. Of course, the West Virginians, who stuck to their favorite son all through the long hours and days of the convention, considered their candidate the best. But other delegates had other loves. William J. Bryan's passion was for McAdoo. Mr. Davis would not do at all. The silver-tongued one openly denounced him. Even when matters had progressed so far that Mr. Bryan felt called upon to mention other candidates aside from Mr. McAdoo he ignored West Virginia's son.

WHAT we are trying to say is that John W. Davis, in the early voting, was the hired attorney of J. P. Morgan. He bore the Wall Street taint. The mark of the "money power" was upon him. Mr. Bryan was emphatic in making these charges.

As the convention progressed, without hope of harmonizing upon either of the two leaders, Mr. Davis' chances improved. The man whom Mr. Bryan had rated as an impossibility become possible.

Presto! The candidate bearing the Wall Street brand was nominated. And then, before Mr. Bryan had scarcely time to realize what had happened, he was given another surprise. His own brother, Charles W. Bryan, governor of Nebraska, was placed on the ticket for vice president.

Once upon a time there was a prominent Democrat in Ohio who had a great sense of humor. He was Colonel Ike Hill. It was his boast that the old party train could not round a curve fast enough to throw him off. Mr. Bryan has proved himself something like that. After the convention he spoke very kindly of the nominee for president and announced his intention of supporting the ticket. He swung gracefully onto the rear step of the last coach and was ready to stick until the train either ran into Washington or into the ditch.

WHETHER John W. Davis was the best man before the convention does not matter. He was the best man that could be nominated. He is a successful American. He is well liked, is a fine type of citizen. The place he has reached in politics was not gained through antagonisms.

Mr. Davis is splendidly equipped for the campaign, so far as judgment and intelligence are concerned. It is reasonable to expect that he will go about the work that is cut out for him in a creditable manner. If he does, and the party follows his example, there will be none of the falsehoods and damnable, dirty insinuations that crept into the campaign of four years ago.

It will be up to the head of the ticket and his advisers to find out the meaning of the platform upon which he makes his campaign. It doesn't seem to mean anything. It contains two planks that were fought over in the convention, and at one time threatened a split in the party. One of them reverses the platform of four years ago and the other will have to be ignored if it doesn't cause the party more trouble than it can assimilate.

THERE were two principal factions in that notable convention. They were out to beat each other, to knock down and drag out, if necessary. Smith of New York and Brennan of Illinois were anxious to beat McAdoo. The object of McAdoo and Bryan was to beat Smith. Both factions succeeded. What happened, as one paper has put it, "must have caused some of the delegates to wake up wondering where they had been and who brought them home."

It is absurd to think the bitterness developed during such a convention can bring about a harmonious campaign. Mr. Davis was the second choice of the Smith faction. The other faction was given second place on the ticket.

CHARLES W. BRYAN is supposed to win the West, because he is a so-called "progressive" and has done things that have satisfied what the politicians and demagogues call "the people." Mr. Davis will look after the East, and the South is left to take care of itself, which it is capable of doing when Democratic politics is at stake.

Talk about fooling "the people," here is a combination that will keep them guessing which shell the little green pea is under. Mr. Davis, a conservative, is to gather in the East. Brother Charley Bryan, a radical, is to take care of the West. Both are to run on the same platform, parts of which both will try to forget.

It has been hinted that Mr. Dawes, nominee for vice president on the Republican ticket, will have considerable to say about demagogues during the forthcoming campaign. There is doubt whether two months and a half of campaigning will give him ample time to say it all. The field is rich.

U. S. DECLINES LEAGUE OFFER

Mutual Assistance Plan on Arms Issue Is Not Acceptable.

The United States government has informed the League of Nations that it cannot adhere to the draft of the treaty of mutual assistance which the fourth assembly of the league voted should be circulated among all the governments with the request for expression of their views.

Holding that the fundamental principle of the treaty is to provide guarantees of mutual assistance and to establish the power of the council of the league with respect to any decisions contemplated the American government says that in view of the United States constitution and of the fact that America is not a member of the league, the United States would find it impossible to give its adherence to the treaty.

U. S. Views Stated.

The communication from Washington adds that the United States government has not failed to note that under article 17 of the treaty any state may give its partial adherence provided it is prepared to reduce its armaments in accordance with the treaty, but it thinks it would not serve any purpose to consider the question of conditional or partial adherence when the conditions imposed "would of necessity be of such a character as to deprive adherence of any substantial effect."

Agrees in Principle.

The communication emphasizes the desire of the United States that appropriate agreements be reached to limit armaments and thus to reduce heavy burdens on the nations. It is pointed out that this desire was manifested when the American government convoked the great military and naval powers to the Washington conference.

While this conference resulted in the conclusion of an important naval treaty limiting capital ships it was found impossible to obtain an agreement limiting the tonnage of auxiliary naval craft or to make any progress in the direction of limitation of land forces.

The government of the United States, the Washington message concludes, having reduced its armament continues to cherish the hope that the desired result in the case of the other powers may be achieved and notes with keen and sympathetic interest every endeavor to that end."

Reply Seen as Friendly.

The American communication while negative has stimulated interest in an endeavor to find some suitable agreement for a reduction in armaments. Interest in such an effort already had been increased by the presentation of the so-called draft treaty of disarmament and security, drawn up by Americans, which now is officially before the members of the league. Officials of the league said they considered the American reply a friendly document.

BRYAN PRAISES ANOTHER BRYAN

William Jennings Insists Charles W. Is a Vote Magnet in West.

William J. Bryan called attention last week to the sportsmanlike manner in which delegates had buried convention tomahawks and were uniting to promote harmony in the interest of the election of John W. Davis and Governor Charles W. Bryan, Nebraska, as president and vice president.

"Delegates who were talking of the harm that had been done to the party by the prolonged convention," Mr. Bryan said, "how they came here with high hopes and were going away discouraged, now are having a love feast.

"There is an air of hopefulness and confidence and I think it will grow as Mr. Davis interprets the platform and Governor Bryan's official record is examined.

"They wanted a Western man who was dry and a progressive and Governor Bryan fitted into the requirements of the case in every way. The more they study his work as governor, the more strength it will add to the ticket. He was elected two years ago by 50,000 votes and recently was renominated at the Democratic primaries, getting 82 per cent of the votes, and also 78 per cent of the vote of the Farmer-Labor party.

"He has won the nomination upon his own merit. He has been my representative in Lincoln, Neb., for 28 years and has developed executive ability in that work and as mayor and governor. I don't think they could have found anyone who could bring more votes to the ticket in a section of the country where the fight will be the hardest and the hottest."

Slump in Cattle Overwhelms Banks

The First National bank and the Citizens' National bank, both of Cheyenne, with deposits of approximately $6,200,000 were closed July 9. The First National bank failed to open for business in the morning and the Citizens' National closed its doors soon after noon.

The First National had deposits of approximately $4,750,000 and the Citizens' National had $1,450,000. The liabilities and resources of the former in the last statement issued at the close of business June 30 were given as $6,986,209.14.

The Citizens' National bank was capitalized for $100,000 and, according to its financial statement on June 30, its liabilities and resources were listed as $2,235,056.65 each.

Francis H. Warren, United States senator from Wyoming and father-in-law of General Pershing, is vice president of the First National.

Unprecedented depreciation in the values of cattle and agricultural lands, excessive taxation and attempts to aid the smaller banks of the state were responsible for the closing.

Offering of Boy Scouts Covers Coolidge Son's Coffin

Thousands of pink roses, the offering of Boy Scouts of America, are shown in the accompanying picture blanketing the coffin of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., as it was born into Edwards Congregational church, Northampton, Mass., for the family funeral service. Hundred of times Calvin, Jr., had entered through the same church door to attend Scout meeting, Sunday school and church. It was Edwards Congregational church of which Calvin, Jr., was a member. Government services were held in the East room of the White House the day before the rites in the Northampton church. Interment took place at Plymouth, Vermont.

U. S. Army Man to Fly Helicopter in $250,000 British Contest

It has been announced at McCook field that Lieutenant Harold R. Harris of Barling bomber fame, will fly the Berliner helicopter in the $250,000 prize contests to be staged next May under the auspices of the British air minister.

The announcement was the first intimation that the Berliner helicopter was a practical machine.

It was built at College Park, Md., a Washington suburb, by Henry Berliner.

Some months ago the machine was subjected to a series of tests with Lieutenant Harris as pilot, but full results were never made public and after a flurry or two in the public prints, the matter apparently was forgotten.

The winning machine will be required to fly up and down for an altitude of 2,000 feet, make a hovering flight lasting for 30 minutes, make a 20-mile circular flight at the rate of 60 miles an hour and finally descend from an altitude of 500 feet into a small area with the engine stopped.

The Berliner craft resembles a triplane with propellers at the ends of the top wing and another at the rear of the fuselage. The machine is 20 feet in length and is 80 inches in height. It has a span of 30 feet and weighs 195 pounds.

The propellers are driven direct by means of shafting.

According to advance information Harris will be pitted against at least 15 other entries.

Harris holds 15 world's records for flying and is the best authority on helicopter flying in the United States.

Bishop Says College Students All Right but Newlyweds All Wrong

"There's nothing wrong with the collegiate youth of the country—it's our young married people."

Dismissing the cases of Nathan Leopold and Dick Loeb, collegians de Luxe, as mere "isolated instances," Bishop Walter T. Sumner, of Oregon, lays present-day moral "speeding" on the younger married crowd.

"It's absurd, this unceasing cry of 'what are the young people coming to,'" the bishop said, seriously, as he disentangled himself from the fluttering bevy of young, pretty and enthusiastic Westerners who obviously had decreed him the most popular passenger aboard the Burlington train from Portland.

Doesn't Blame Gas, Jazz.

"I suppose I should find quite different conditions to combat now than when we crusaded against the old West Side levee 15 years ago," he said, "and illegal alcohol, gasoline and saxophones might be considered to have taken the place of the saloon, the lake excursion boat and the roller skating rink. But they are only incidental.

"The root of the trouble with married people today is in the frivolous spirit in which they get married.

"Bless me, I know the young married people are going too fast a pace by the evidence of my own eyes. My work as a bishop is largely administrative," the former well-loved dean of SS. Peter and Paul said, with what sounded suspiciously like a regretful sigh. "But in that capacity I have a great deal to do with colleges and college students. And I tell you they have never been finer than they are today.

Attacks Easy Divorces.

"Easy marriage and easy divorce are the most serious problems before the nation today, political conventions notwithstanding."

Bishop Sumner was a pioneer in the movement for "no health certificate, no marriage certificate," here. It is nine years since the then Dean Sumner left Chicago to preside, as bishop, over a wider, though less densely populated area on the Pacific coast.

Among the wonders in Chiricahua national park in Arizona are many balanced rocks, some of them 30 feet high and set on small pivots little more than a foot in diameter.

Davis Nomination Praised by Tumulty

Joseph P. Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary for eight years in the White House, who was active in the convention proceedings, issued a statement warmly commending the nomination of John W. Davis. "After stress, strain and storm," said Mr. Tumulty, "the Democracy of the nation has again shown its vitality and vigor by nominating John W. Davis. Here is presented a man of distinction who will hold high the banner of our party and lead the Democratic hosts to victory in November."

Yank Opera Invades German Art Center

Arrangements for the presentation of "Lakabra," music by Simon Bucharoff, and text by Isabel Buckingham, both of Chicago, have been completed in Frankfort, Germany. This is the first opera composed in America to be put on in Germany in nearly 11 years.

Bucharoff, who arrived here recently to complete preparations with a German troupe for putting on his piece, is composer of "A Lover's Knot," produced by the Chicago Opera Company in 1915.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

ALTHOUGH followers of both General Calles and General Flores claimed victory for their respective leaders in the recent presidential election held in Mexico, returns received during the week indicated the election of General Calles to succeed General Obregon.

Senator LaFollette has announced the selection of Representative Nelson of Wisconsin as national manager of his presidential campaign. Headquarters will be opened in Chicago.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is at the Hotel Shelbourne, Coney Island, to get the advantage of the salt air and rest. He has been receiving treatment for a general breakdown.

Brigadier General Hines, director of the veterans' bureau, suffered a gash over one eye and bruises as the result of a fistic encounter with a former service man in his office. The veteran had claimed that a medical examination had injured his claim before the bureau.

The government's petition for a writ of error appealing from the decision of the U. S. district court which released Mal S. Daugherty, brother of the former attorney general, from custody of a senate deputy sergeant-at-arms, has been granted.

Brazilian rebels were in control of Sao Paulo, Brazil, last week, the state government has been deposed and the revolutionary junta has formed a temporary government.

Profit of more than 40 per cent was realized by the government in the first trip eastward from San Francisco of the air mail service planes.

The decision of the Italian council of ministers to put into immediate execution the rules relating to the press which Premier Mussolini drew up in 1923, is called by the newspapers a violation of their liberty.

Harry F. Sinclair filed a plea in abatement in the District of Columbia supreme court, attacking the validity of the indictment charging him with conspiracy with Albert B. Fall, former secretary of interior, to defraud the government in connection with naval oil reserve leases.

Charles E. Hughes, secretary of state, has been elected president of the American Bar association.

Due to the attitude of the American government the candidacy of President Martinez of Nicaragua has been withdrawn.

FUNERAL service for Frank G. Carpenter, distinguished traveler and writer, who died last month in Nanking, China, while making a tour of the world, were held this week in the home of his brother, Reid Carpenter of Mansfield, O. The body was sent to Seattle, Wash., from China.

Germany has decided the Rapollo treaty is no longer worth the price and she will not continue to pay blackmail in the shape of Russian trade.

Isaburo Yoshida arrived in the United States recently to assume the post of counsellor of the Japanese embassy in Washington.

Masanao Hanihara who, as Japanese ambassador to the United States, failed to prevent congress excluding Japanese and other oriental immigration, bade farewell to official Washington last week.

E. L. Doheny and E. L. Doheny, Jr., last week attacked the indictments returned against them in the District of Columbia supreme court as the result of the senate oil disclosures.

John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, was elected grand exalted ruler of the Elks and Portland, Ore. was selected as the next annual meeting place of the grand lodge which held its 60th annual convention in Boston last week.

The nomination of John W. Davis as the Democratic presidential candidate, was without apparent effect on the movement of stock prices.

The American army fliers on a flight around the world, arrived in Constantinople last week. All men were in good health.

LaFollete workers are satisfied that LaFollete electors can be placed on every presidential ballot in the country next November.

Fausto Davila, former foreign minister, has left for Washington to assume his new duties as Honduran minister to the United States.

More than 100 motorists involved in minor infractions of Chicago traffic regulations were brought before the safety commission of the West Park board, given a scolding and then handed "courtesy cards" certifying to the police that they are safety commission co-operators.

Thirty thousand Orangemen, including members from America, paraded through the decorated streets of Belfast, Ulster's capital, July 12, in celebration of the 234th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE, indorsed for president by the Conference for Progressive Political Action, will not receive the support of the Farmer-Labor party, which held its convention recently in St. Paul. The latter organization has indorsed through its executive committee William Z. Foster, presidential candidate of the Workers' Party of America.

Attorneys for Dr. Frederick A. Cook, under sentence to serve 14 years in prison, claim he is a pauper and ask that he be relieved of the costs of an appeal.

First of the world famous hotels in New York came under the direct attention of prohibition agents last week when federal officers raided the Ritz Carlton roof, and arrested six employes.

Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury, arrived in London last week on his vacation trip.

Forest fires broke loose in western Montana and northern Idaho last week and high winds fanned them beyond all established control lines.

Harry M. Daugherty, former attorney general, plans to open a law office in Columbus, Ohio, next fall.

Police, answering distress signals flown by the rum runner, Annie S., as she crept into port at Sydney, Australia, rescued a crew from an insane sailor, armed with an axe and a chisel, who had taken command of the vessel.

Not since the mystery murder of William Desmond Taylor has the Los Angeles film colony been so stirred as it is by the sensational Ann Luther case, which will go to trial next month. Miss Luther's suit is for $100,000 against Jack White, millionaire, who she charges, promised to star her in a picture and failed to keep his contract.

Ottawa Street Methodist church in Joliet, Ill., of which the Rev. Henry E. Rompel, dry raid leader, is pastor, was badly damaged recently by a dynamite explosion. Police attribute the bombing to bootleggers.

An attempt was made recently to blow up the Lemberg arsenal in Poland. An infernal machine planted by a workman was discovered by another employe who put it out of action and seized the man, turning him over to the police.

Nearly $3,000,000 was spent in the last year for charitable work by the Elks, the social and community welfare committee reported to the grand lodge session last week.

MAUGHAN TRUE PIONEER TYPE

Endurance Is Handed Down From Sturdy Ancestors to Noted Flier.

Modesty is the greatest characteristic of Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, whose sensational flight across the continent between dawn and dusk definitely revealed the possibilities of the airplane.

"Anyone could have done it," said Maughan almost as soon as the congratulations began to pour in to him from thousands of enthusiastic Americans in all parts of the country.

Maughan is hardly a handsome man. He bears a striking resemblance in the stamp of his features to the rawboned backwoods type popularized during the covered-wagon days and previous to those days by such men as Lincoln.

Not tall, he yet lends the impression of height when he is dressed in military uniform, his wide shoulders and slender figure accentuating his five feet nine—possibly ten.

Cover Wagon Ancestors.

Maughan's face is a study in human types. His home is in Utah. Seventy-odd years ago his ancestors pushed their way across the continent over many weary months in a covered wagon—a journey Maughan made in hours.

"Maughan looks like a back woodsman. No wonder he was able to last out the day," one man said as the aviator leaned over the balcony of the headquarters building, telling the crowd it was nothing as far as he was concerned—merely evidence that American flying is on as high a plane as that in any other country.

Need More Ships.

"We need money from congress now more than anything else if our branch of the army is to continue its progress," he said.

"In spite of our obsolete equipment, the United States holds every record. We have the personnel; we can fly, and we know how to build the planes—let them give us the ships, and we'll really show you folks what can be done in the air."

CHARLES BRYAN FOR VICE PRES.

Continued From Page One

M. Cox of Ohio, the 1920 standard bearer, who took an active part in the efforts that finally ended the deadlock between the McAdoo and Smith forces, then intervened, after which a short recess was arranged to give Mr. Davis and the other leaders an opportunity to canvass the vice presidential situation with a view to facilitating the vice presidential nomination.

The midnight conference found the arguments advanced by Gov. Bryan's friends, detailing his executive experience, familiarity with agricultural problems, sympathy with liberal sentiment, and the geographical and other considerations, most persuasive. Mr. Bryan expressed amazement when informed of their decision. He had not even been nominated.

But that was taken care of as soon as the recess ended, and as it turned out, the supporters of only one other candidate—George L. Berry of Tennessee, one of the group of active pre-convention candidates for the nomination—attempted to stem the tide of compromise and weariness.

Not Unexpected.

The nomination of Mr. Davis was not entirely unexpected, as the West Virginian had stood in third place in the balloting throughout a good part of the long succession of roll calls. When it had been made unanimous after the usual custom, the standard of every state was carried around the hall in a great demonstration of party enthusiasm which appeared to submerge the bitterness of the titanic struggles fought out since the opening fall of the gavel on June 24.

But in some quarters there lingered disappointment and chagrin.

When the party's new leader acknowledged his nomination by appearing before the convention by invitation Wednesday night he gave a pledge of his devotion to the cause of the party.

Gratitude Expressed.

The nominee began by an expression of gratitude and appreciation of the honor that had come to him.

"But grateful as I am of this great honor I think even more of the duties you have given me to perform. But I take comfort when I look at the banners displayed throughout this hall and reflect that they are not the standards of a phantom army but that they represent an army of millions of Democrats ready as they always have been to battle for liberty and righteousness.

"We are a national party, and it must be, I believe, because we profess a national creed. The great principles of the Democratic party—honesty in government, that public office is a public trust, equal rights to all men and special privilege to none, fair and equal taxation, an open door of opportunity to the humblest citizen in all the land, liberty at home and courage and honor and helpfulness abroad—these principles are as dear to the East as to the West, and revered by the North and by the South.

Ready to Fight Again.

"And this great army is ready to do battle again to any who challenge any part of it. On this platform all progressives can stand, to this banner all liberals can rally, and for this cause all Democrats can and I know will stand united.

"I know this convention has had its differences, but all these things were but the thunderstorm that cleared the clouds away and left shining on us the sun of coming victory and success.

"When I am duly advised of the nomination it will be my duty to speak further on these and kindred themes. I shall therefore do no more at the moment than to express my appreciation and to express my confidence that I shall lead in this campaign a united, a militant and a victorious party."

While walking through a field, a farmer in South Africa noticed a crow suddenly drop dead. When he examined the bird he found it had been choked by a 7-carat diamond.

REVIEWING CONVENTION

BY MARK SULLIVAN.

In picturesqueness, in a kind of romantic sentiment, and in personality, the outstanding figure of this convention has been Bryan.

In all American history there is nothing else like him. It has been 28 years since Bryan made the "Cross of Gold" speech that brought him instant fame and his own first nomination. Last week when he made another dramatic speech, there were among the delegates who heard him some who, in the talk over Bryan's career that followed the incident, had to ask their neighbors, "What was that 'Cross-of-Gold' speech, anyhow?"

In the convention and all over this land there were reporters writing about Bryan and cartoonists drawing him who were not yet born in the year when Bryan dominated his first Democratic convention. There is no other record like it.

Another unimportant but striking fact is that probably never before was there a convention of any party in which two brothers received votes for the presidential nomination.

Street Issue Buried.

Equally remote—equally a thing of history with the "Cross-of-Gold" speech was the kind of issue with which that great speech dealt. There was no real economic cleavage in this convention—no division between the "haves" and the "have nots." No question of Wall Street against the rest of the country.

Bryan in a half-hearted way tried to make it seem so, but it was not there. His effort to outlaw John W. Davis as a candidate was put on the ground that Davis is a Wall street lawyer and the implications Bryan read into that fact.

And yet, at the same moment Bryan was voting for, and advocating as the leading one in the group of candidates he approved, one to whom the chief objection, in the eyes of many of the delegates, was that McAdoo, after acquiring prestige and power as secretary of the treasury, had capitalized that prestige by acting as the lawyer for large corporations dealing with the government.

Many more of the delegates felt that McAdoo was disqualified by the particular kind of legal activities he had been engaged in than felt that John W. Davis was disqualified by the fact of being the lawyer for New York corporations in the course of his ordinary practice.

Bryan Had Dry Influence.

What power Bryan had in this convention—and he had much—did not rest on any economic question, or on any cleavage between those who have much property and those who have little. There was, however, a real cleavage between the wets and the drys, with Bryan on the side of the drys. The wet and dry question was very real in the convention; and that was Bryan's principal leverage of power.

Another cleavage, equally real, was between the "Old Guard" group of Democratic leaders from New York, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey and, on the other hand, the newer type of leader who came into the party during Wilson's time, and by virtue of association with Wilson. There was a cleavage between the type of leader and the type of delegate who comes to power and arrives at a national convention as the fruit of the old-time system of state and county conventions for the choice of leaders and office-holders, and, on the other hand, the type of leader and delegate who gets his power by direct contact with the voter through the direct primary system of selecting leaders and office-holders. It was a cleavage between the type of city boss who grows up in New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh and, on the other hand, the type of leader who comes to the front in the less dense populations of Texas, Kansas and the rest of the West and South.

Old Bosses Losing Sway.

One felt that the older type of leader is in decline. They were few in number, relatively small in their following, and relatively slight in power. The type has largely passed in the Democratic party with the death of Chief Murphy of Tammany, just as it passed in the Republican party with the death of Penrose of Pennsylvania.

As the older type of leader has largely passed with the ending of the saloon as the local center of machine politics, so is liquor itself on the run as a power in politics. Among the little group of older leaders whom Bryan opposed there were some who continued to have some little power through remaining on the wet side of the liquor question, so far as it is still important in national conventions. But they were few in number and scant in power. The Democratic and Republican parties are both dry. The country is dry politically, and fast going dryer, in fact.

Volstead Act to Stay.

The Volstead act, or the equivalent of it, is here to stay indefinitely. It may be that in time there will be some relaxation of the rigidity of the Volstead act, but that change will not come so long as the demand for it is led by the old-time wet politicians, and by the distilling and brewing interests with which they have been associated. If ever the Volstead act is relaxed, it will be done by its friends and the friends of prohibition who will only relax the rigidity of the Volstead act after they have ceased to fear for prohibition itself. The prohibitionists have a true instinct. If an act of delicate surgery is to be done on the Volstead act, it will not be permitted to be done by those whose true wish is to murder the act, not to prolong its life. The presence and the activities of wet politicians in a national convention has only enough power now to cement the solidarity of the friends of prohibition.

With the passing of liquor, both as an influence in politics and as a beverage, has come a marked elevation in the personnel of the delegates to national conventions. Many persons who looked day after day, as this writer did, into the faces of the delegates on the floor recognized them as a high average of representative American life. The women, of course, had much to do with that. The women delegates were, without exception, persons of quality and character. In addition, their mere presence raised the average of the men delegates. You could look carefully over the whole body of massed delegates and only here and there see the type of face that had any suggestion at all of the old-time ward boss or saloonkeeper type who used to be relatively more frequent in national conventions. As Bryan expressed it, "We have improved greatly since the Democratic party decided to throw the bums out and invite the women in."

Colored Influence Felt.

There has been one recent change in American life that reflected itself slightly in this convention. That is the migration of the Negro to the North.

No Negro was present in this convention as a delegate, although he was there in power to a small degree—to a degree the Negro never before has had in any Democratic convention. In this Democratic convention there were no colored faces of the sort that for 60 years have made up about a tenth of Republican conventions. But the Negro and the result of his migration to the North was there in the shape of a partial contribution to those questions which arose about the Ku Klux Klan, some at least, of the willingness of a few Northern Democratic leaders to maul the Klan publicly and conspicuously was due to the fact that they have come to have in their communities considerable blocks of Negro voters. Again and again it was put forward by some, as a good reason for denouncing the Klan as specifically as possible, that this would be the best way for the Democrats to get the Negro vote in such cities as St. Louis, Indianapolis and Chicago, where heretofore the Negro vote has always been Republican.

There was significance in the fact that while the convention was in session a dispatch appeared from Chicago saying that the Democratic organization of that city had put up a Negro as its candidate for congress against the veteran Republican chairman of the appropriations committee of congress, Martin B. Madden. It would be rather too much of a strain on one's faith in the higher qualities of the human nature of Democratic leaders to believe that that Negro candidate for congress against Chairman Madden was put up on the theory that he could contribute more to the management of the nation's business than Mr. Madden can. It would be a shrewder and, unhappily, more accurate inference to assume that this colored candidate was put up in order to seduce the colored voters of Chicago away from their former allegiance to the Republican party.

Not So Bad.

There was much talk to the effect that never again would a national convention be held in New York within the memory of those who participated in this convention. That is not necessarily true. Rather too much was made of those things that New York did which were resented by the delegates from the rest of the country. It was not merely that New York was the convention city, it was also the fact that one of the leading candidates for the nomination was a New Yorker, passionately supported by New York. If New York had not happened to have a candidate of its own it probably would have been felt that the convention was admirably managed. If the convention had been held in Los Angeles, where McAdoo is as much an institution of local pride as Smith is in New York, Los Angeles might have behaved much as New York did. Even the vehemence of New York's support, through some of its newspapers and other ways, of its candidate was over-emphasized. What New York did was not materially different from the way any town acts about the home team in an 18-inning game against a rival visiting team.

The convention paid practically no attention to the fact that, during its later days, the rival LaFollette convention was being held in Cleveland. Indeed, it paid little attention to anything except the desperate clash between its two leading candidates. There was a kind of resigned helplessness, a feeling as if two forces of nature had come to a head-on collision, and as if destiny had thrown the fate of the party and the fate of the individual delegates into that conflict. For day after day that was the only business of the convention. It was recognized that the outcome might be any kind of accident, but there was no personality powerful enough to dominate the situation and direct it towards some intelligently planned outcome.

Bosses Powerless.

Everyone felt that the fortunes of the Democratic party, in relation to the Republican candidate, and in relation to the probability of LaFollette's running, was a puzzle as to which no intelligent guess could be made until it should be seen what candidate fate would give the Democrats. On the occasions when it was thought that the outcome might be a conservative, predictions were occasionally made to the effect that with the two older parties having conservative candidates and LaFollette running as a third candidate, the result might be that LaFollette would get all the progressive and radical votes and might establish himself as one of the two leading candidates in the campaign, with one or the other of the conservative candidates running behind him.

At all times it was felt that if the Democratic outcome should be a progressive candidate, especially if it should be McAdoo, LaFollette's chances to make much impression would be greatly lessened. Labor, as such, was not strong within the convention. There were but few delegates who could be called labor delegates. There were labor leaders, however, in New York. Most of them wanted McAdoo to win. They said that if McAdoo were the Democratic candidate, labor would support him, but that otherwise organized labor would support LaFollette.

Of all the speeches made in the convention—and they were many and long—the most impressive were Bryan's speech in behalf of religious tolerance; Franklin Roosevelt's speech nominating Governor Smith and the speech of ex-Secretary of War Newton D. Baker in behalf of a stronger plank on the League of Nations. Baker's speech brought tears.

If one wished to confer a gift on the Democratic party, one of the most valuable would be to break up those Democratic machines which exist in Chicago, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey and which are represented in national conventions by one leader for each group, the the most part, play the role of mere pawns.

Handicap of Suspicion.

If the delegations from these big states could be made up of individuals of the same type as those from the West, the big states would then have more power in national conventions than they now have. In every national convention these big states start under a handicap of suspicion and distrust from the rest of the country.

That was Smith's great handicap. Smith, personally, is a better man than the machines that supported him. If Smith's fortunes had been more wisely directed his friends long ago would have emphasized his sincerity and the really progressive measures he has led in New York and would have brought about contact between Smith and the progressives of the West. As it was, the nature of the bulk of Smith's support condemned him from the first in the eyes of the western and southern delegates. Of course, the fact that Smith as governor of New York had signed a law universally interpreted as being hurtful to prohibition made it inevitable that he should be regarded as wet. For that reason alone he was sure to be opposed by the West and South. And yet the fact is that the improvement in the Democratic convention as a whole was shared by the New York organization. The Tammany of today is a far more elevated institution than the Tammany of tradition.

DAVIS TICKET STIRS DOUBT

Continued From Page One

Davis' friends think they will be, they will compose the campaign. The whole Democratic hope rests on the personality of Davis, his intellectual capacity to think out issues, and his gift of expression.

Unquestionably, the situation is one in which some western leaders are seriously disturbed at the presence of Davis as a New York lawyer, on one end of the ticket; while some eastern leaders are equally alarmed by the presence of Bryan, a brother of William J., on the other end of the ticket. The net of it, as stated above, is that the personality of Davis and the ideas he will emit constitute the whole Democratic hope, and will compose the whole Democratic campaign. When those ideas begin to appear the Republicans will know they have a fight on their hands.

M'ADOO DEFEAT LAID TO GLASS

Virginians Held Firm When Anti-Deadlock Drive Took Place.

Out of the debris comes the story of where the McAdoo movement faltered and fell back when it was in sight of a goal.

On July 4, the McAdoo forces stood at their Marne when they pushed their vote to 530, within striking distance of a majority. If they could get a majority they proposed to make a powerful play to abrogate the two-thirds rule. They appealed to the Glass delegation from Virginia to join them, but the delegation stuck to Glass. For the next four ballots the McAdoo field marshals managed by one device or another to keep their strength around the same level while they used all the powerful arguments at their command to induce the Virginia delegation to come over.

But the effort was in vain. The Virginians stuck to Glass when a turn of their votes would have turned a majority of the convention to McAdoo and possibly jerked the key from the log jam and permitted the McAdoo tide to rush on to victory.

From that point the McAdoo vote steadily declined under the battering of the big drive of the coalition and only recovered some of its former strength when spurred on by Mr. Adoo himself, his workers raised its level again just before he released his delegates.

Every convention has its "inside story" of how it happened. This is the accepted explanation of how it happened in 1924.

Says Science Gave Its All for Boy

All the medical aid in the world could not have saved Calvin Coolidge, Jr., Dr. John A. Kolmer, one of the Philadelphia specialists called into consultation on the case, said upon his return from Washington.

"It was beyond the power of medicine to win the fight," said Dr. Kolmer, who is professor of bacteriology and pathology in the graduate school of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

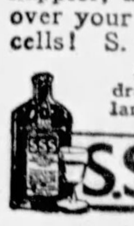
"The youth was given the best attention possible. It was not a case taken in hand too late. He was infected with one of the most virulent organisms known. It depended largely on the ability of his constitution to overcome it. He did not have the kind of constitution to combat it.

"Everything known to physicians was tried. Nothing was spared. There was nothing more that could be done. There are certain organisms whose headway medicine in its present state can not check at all times."

How to build up your Weight

TO be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.



S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

[illegible] DOWN— [illegible]?

[illegible] is now-down [illegible] different [illegible] to 20 cents. [illegible] and 25 cents. [illegible] a quite higher [illegible] quotations. [illegible] tumbled from [illegible] to 16 cents [illegible] boom. [illegible] Production [illegible] dairy [illegible] as [illegible] If good [illegible] consumption [illegible] taken [illegible] is an over [illegible] the game is [illegible] are taking [illegible] are not get- [illegible] price when [illegible] while [illegible] a lead- [illegible] may quit the [illegible] will come [illegible] So do the [illegible] spring all the [illegible] does not stay at [illegible] of the day. Our [illegible] of life and [illegible] downs. It is [illegible] make a study of [illegible] ourselves into [illegible] the big industries [illegible] men just to work [illegible] problems. Farm folks [illegible] They believe in [illegible] other things. They [illegible] in watching the [illegible] in production [illegible] The cow will [illegible] in for a two- [illegible] This will [illegible] some lessons.

DRAFT MEN AND MONEY— To Fight Next War.

[illegible] the next war [illegible] big crop of mil- [illegible] favors draft- [illegible] money and cut [illegible] profit to anybody [illegible] are fighting. This [illegible] Here is what [illegible] Farmer prints [illegible] wealth when the [illegible] than five bills now before [illegible] to press money [illegible] of wealth into the [illegible] in the event of [illegible] There has been a [illegible] of the pres- [illegible] compelling the service [illegible] in times of na- [illegible] wealth is left free [illegible] own course and profit [illegible] It seems rea- [illegible] the government should [illegible] furnishings of war [illegible] and treat them [illegible] as are observed in [illegible] service. They are [illegible] and the one is no [illegible] personal choice than [illegible] there is well [illegible] at the present [illegible] an article written [illegible] for the Christian [illegible] introduced by the [illegible] the comments [illegible] I'm going to let [illegible] my fighting. I'm [illegible] on the street corner [illegible] as he marches away, [illegible] the mud and the [illegible] night flying bomb- [illegible] And while he's down at [illegible] for entraining orders [illegible] him a nice tissue [illegible]

BEANS AND BREAD— For Bully Breakfast.

[illegible] is at the mourners' [illegible] used to eat a heavy [illegible] start the day in slow [illegible] He has always [illegible] eater and sometimes [illegible] more than tea and coffee. [illegible] has been abused. Indiges- [illegible] tormented Bully John. [illegible] word by ocean cable [illegible] Bull is settling down to [illegible] brown bread for his [illegible] He wants to shed some [illegible] Bright's disease, [illegible] and meat aches. [illegible] John Bull has helped to keep [illegible] of meat. This has been [illegible] himself. Yet he used [illegible] being the rugged man of [illegible] the price of beans and [illegible] when the American [illegible] to sell. It might [illegible] Americans to think about [illegible] breakfast ration. Do we [illegible] Do we give [illegible] organs a square deal? [illegible] let us look around.

SAY—MR. WATCHMAN— What of the Night?

[illegible] Flag Day in America. [illegible] announced that the rad- [illegible] grabbed the reins of [illegible] will rule over France. [illegible] parties have lost prestige [illegible] confidence of the people. [illegible] and radicals are gaining [illegible] world over. [illegible] the world-wide British em- [illegible] in the hands of the labor [illegible] are called the radicals [illegible] Britain. And the common [illegible] better satisfied, up to this [illegible] the new breed of states- [illegible] they were with the old [illegible] is ruled by the new [illegible] the radical or the so- [illegible] Expenses have been [illegible] Thousands of useless job [illegible] been fired. Grafting [illegible] stopped. [illegible] in the grip of the new [illegible] which has disinfected the rot- [illegible] that used to rule and [illegible] Mussolini is the man who has [illegible] old guard from soft [illegible] salary jobs. [illegible] has surrendered to the [illegible] The folks have grown tired [illegible] fleeced and fooled. They [illegible] square deal. The signs [illegible] that they will have it or [illegible]

In the United States a third party [illegible] In the present congress [illegible] LaFollette crowd had the bal- [illegible] of power and could make a [illegible] out of either of the old-line [illegible]

"Watchman, what of the night?" [illegible] note the world is restless. Asia [illegible] Europe are mad because we [illegible] them to pay the war debts which they owe to us, and which they are not paying.

Japan is mad because we have shut our doors and refused to let more of the little brown folks come over here. China is murdering our missionaries. Southern Europe is mad because our new immigration laws reduce the number who can come to the United States.

What does the muss mean to the farmer? Will the next president of the United States be big enough and tall enough to see over the heads of angry creeds and breeds and bring peace and friendship out of class and hatred?

Will the old world get back to sea level with good money? Will it again eat our meat and wheat and help to make the American farmer prosperous and contented? Uncle Sam is almost as big as the world. When something goes wrong over there we may expect something to be wrong over here.

Farm folks should not be asleep at the switch. They are as much interested in this big world game as anybody. Crop values, farm prices, good government and peaceful pursuits of life are all dove-tailed and interwoven in these matters. It is the business of the farmer to be wide awake in these days. Your vote is your weapon.

We do not want another war. The signs point that way.

PREACHER'S GRIP— Is It Slipping?

"In the old days, when the church was strong and militant, the preacher did not mix in politics. He did not mix in a lot of side issues and side shows. He preached the Gospel of God.

"In the old days you seldom knew to what party the good preacher belonged. Today, we usually know too well how the minister is lined up. Too often he is ready to excuse the bad deeds of the political boss of his party or the crooked official who has been elected by his party. This has weakened the church and has done politics no good."

This expression is the thought of a person who has had years of experience and who observes the changes of things as the years go by.

We wonder whether our readers will find this true if they look back over 40 years and take stock of their own community.

Women have not been in politics long. Will they, too, be blamed for some of our political diseases in the years to come? Have women made politics any better? Some of the western states have permitted the women to vote for more than 40 years.

Have you talked to your preacher about this matter? Ask him to discuss this question. Have him think it over. We must not let the grip of church and preacher slip. Both have done too much good in the world to grow weak and helpless now. Rural folks must keep the faith.

HERE'S TO THE HORSE— Noble in Peace and War.

When hard times come the horse will still be our friend. The horse always has been a noble animal. What would man and civilization have done without this splendid animal?

There is hardly room on the great highway for the horse in these gas and flivver days. But the horse is a money saver when he is compared to gasoline jags.

Here is a bit of horsey news that pleases us and it will please you. It goes this way:

Oh Horse, you are a wonderful thing,
No buttons to push, no clutch to slip,
No sparks to miss, no gears to strip,
No license buying every year,
With plates to screw on front and rear.
No gas bill climbing up each day,
Stealing the joy of life away.
No speed cop chugging in your rear.
Yelling summons in your ear.
Your inner tubes are all O. K.
And thank the Lord, they stay that way.
Your spark plugs never miss and fuss,
Your motor never makes us cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style.
Your wants are few and easy met.
You've something on the flivver yet.

POLITICS IN INDIANA— It Is Klan and Anti-Klan.

It's a showdown in Indiana. Republican candidate is a klansman. The Democratic candidate is anti-klan. The issue is sharply drawn.

There will be but little said about old party lines in this struggle. Will the Republicans get the Negro, Jew and Catholic votes they usually get?

In the southern states the Democrats get all the klan votes. Will the Republicans get all the K. K. K. vote in Indiana? The K. K. K. can be for one party in one state and for a different party in another state.

We have talked with one Indiana man who claims to know something about Hoosier politics. He guesses that the K. K. K. man will be governor, but that the state may go against Coolidge for president. Queer mix, isn't it?

Indiana is badly torn. It has a governor in prison. It has a big crowd that insists that all boys and girls shall go to the public schools. It has a lot of folks mad at Daugherty and other Washington officials. Hard to tell where the chips will fall this year.

TELL YOUR FAIR MAN— To Cut Down Expenses.

Farmers are cutting down expenses. Tell your fair managers to do the same. By fair time farm folks will not be in humor to attend the fair every day and pay 50 cents admission.

We talked to a big business man who lives down east. He watches the report of railroads and the number of idle freight cars. This sign is his barometer by which he measures business prosperity.

He said: "Last year, 1923, in May, there were 14,000 idle freight cars in the eastern district of the United States. This May, 1924, there are 300,000 idle cars in the same district."

This man thinks that two years will be necessary for things to get going good again. Tell your fair managers this tale and warn them to cut down expenses and save the fair from big debts.

READING OF THE BIBLE— In the Public Schools.

Will there be any harm done by reading the Bible in the public schools? Will the teacher know what she or he is reading about? Some will not know. Then what?

In parochial schools the religious flavor of education is not neglected. Protestants neglect this, and in turn many of their churches and congregations have the dry rot.

Should teachers prepare themselves to have the Bible read? If we have a teacher who has no appreciation of the Good Book and has never caught the inspiration of God and gospel, such a teacher might easily disgust boys and girls with the Book that has broadcasted the message of salvation these many centuries.

Will town or country or city most desire to have the Bible read in schools? Many an old family Bible is dusty. Dance, movie and card parties or joy rides are taking the place of the Book.

Just now this question is being discussed in several states. Here is a bit of news we pick from the printed page. It shows in what states this question is at issue.

Here it is:

Compilations recently made show that there are six states in which it is mandatory under the law that the Bible be read daily in the public schools. The latest to join this list is Kentucky. In New Jersey it is compulsory that the Old Testament be read daily, but not the New. Bible reading is specifically permitted by laws enacted in six other states. Court decisions have upheld such daily readings in six more. They are prohibited in four—California, Illinois, Minnesota and Washington. In five other states such readings are generally considered as prohibited—Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming. The other 20 states have never passed on the subject.

HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN— Refused Party Nomination.

The Republican national convention had to take a lantern and go out in the daytime and hunt for a good man to take the nomination for vice president.

Frank O. Lowden, ex-governor of Illinois, was the strong favorite. He was asked to accept the honor. He refused. The party leaders wanted a western man to run with Coolidge.

At last the convention nominated Lowden by a big vote. Again the man of the west refused to accept. The convention was at sea. The bosses and delegates were getting at loggerheads. Dawes was nominated. He accepted.

Rural Welfare editor knows Lowden. In our judgment he is the strongest man in the confidence of the American people.

Four years ago he asked for the nomination as president. The bosses turned him down. Many of them were in his own state. He is absolutely honest and fearless. What is just as important, he knows what good government is and how to administer it and how to enforce laws and how to pick good men for trusted places.

Mr. Lowden has pledged himself to help the western farmers. He would not desert them. He is a farmer. Farm folks west of the Mississippi river trust him to the limit.

Lowden is a business man. His record as governor of his state has seldom been equaled in any state. Not a taint of suspicion of graft and no charge of handing out favors to political pets or relatives.

Some day Frank O. Lowden ought to be master of the White House. Just now he is helping the west solve its grain and live stock marketing.

A FOOL DUDE MAN— Weds Pup and a Girl.

What fools we mortals be. We read in the big city daily of a fool man getting tied up to a girl and three pup dogs.

We pity the dogs. They deserve a better fate. They were young and had but little sense. If they had been grown up no doubt they would have bitten and barked to escape the disgrace.

The wedding was pulled off in a church. The preacher was a dunce to be a party to such a seance. The wedding party came to the church. It was a bunch of dudish society folks. Common people are not to be blamed for the silly stuff.

Neither the bride nor the groom were handsome. Rich, but mighty homely. The bride brought three pups into the church and them given a special pew up in front where the young things had to see the show.

We wonder why newspapers print such stuff. Instead of making a fuss over such fools they ought to have refused space for any mention of pup-poodle-doodle wedding as this.

It would be more sensible for the papers to print the story of a decent young man and woman getting married in the old-fashioned way, with a home on the farm ready for them to start housekeeping.

A BIG HORSE RACE— Blue Grass State Spends.

Fifty thousand dollars to the winner of a running race. This is the way old Kentucky entertains her people and her tens of thousands of visitors. This is a big bunch of money.

And we wonder what good comes from all the fuss about it. Of course the smart set makes a fortune out of the betting and the gate admissions and live on easy street the other 51 weeks in the year.

A lot of farmers and town folks go to this race and spend from $5 to $50 to make this smart set rich. Yet if these farmers thought that their home merchant or neighbor was making $5 easy money they would raise cain about it and call it graft. Funny folks in a funny old world. Let the dudes get rich at our expense.

PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS— At Odds on Issues.

Is President Coolidge stronger in the confidence of the people than are the Republican members of congress?

Coolidge wanted the Mellon tax bill enacted into law. It was rejected and another tax bill was enacted and the President signed the bill.

The President vetoed the soldier bonus bill. Republicans joined with Democrats in passing the bill over the veto.

The Bursum bill to increase the pension of Civil war veterans was vetoed by President Coolidge and was sustained by only one vote in the senate by help of Democrats.

The President vetoed the bill to increase the salary of postoffice and postal clerks after many Republicans had voted for it. The President said that increasing expense and taxation must be stopped.

How will the campaign be managed? Will a plea be made to stand by the President or to stand by congressmen and senators, many of whom are up for re-election. Looks like we have a big job on our hands this election.

TAX FREE BOND— Rich Man's Rainbow.

Wm. Rockefeller died. His estate showed $67,000,000. That's more dollars than we have ever looked at.

Forty-four million dollars of this fortune was in tax free bonds. Here is a good example of how the rich get by easy while the poor devil pays the tax for roads, schools, etc.

Uncle Sam is issuing nearly $1,000,000,000 a year in tax free bonds. The rich folks get the most of them. This increases the big interest load that our country is already carrying. Where will it end?

After a while we will all be working just to pay interest on the free bonds. Think it over.

DOLLARS IN POLITICS— Do You Want to Know?

Vast sums of money are used to sway elections. Millions are poured into the political hoppers of both parties to win office and power.

Who does the pouring in? Why do they do it? Are they unselfish in their gifts or do they try to buy some favor and influence that will bring back to them more dollars than they pay in?

Should the mass of people know who puts in these campaign dollars? Should we have a law that will make public before election just how much money has been used and where this money came from? Could such a law be enforced? If made public would some of the big trusts, or the men at the head of the trusts, be as anxious to make contributions to candidates?

Senator Borah of Idaho wants the spotlight of publicity turned on. By the way, Borah is proving to be one of the biggest and best men in the United States senate. President Coolidge seems to have picked him out as the one man in the senate whom he could trust most.

The political bosses do not want Borah's bill to become a law. It would take away some of the harvest of dirty dollars which they have been getting out of rotten politics. Wm. J. Bryan favors this law and crooked Democrats cuss him for it. That's the best reason why it's good.

Blade readers should talk loudly in favor of this bill. Mr. Farmer, this campaign money may be the reason why the other fellows get the favors and you get the promises but no bonus for his business.

M'NARY-HAUGEN BILL— Beaten in Congress.

The McNary-Haugen bill was beaten in congress. It was framed to help the farmer, especially those in the far west.

The city folks opposed it. They said if wheat prices went up then bread would cost more. LaFollette stood out for giving some relief to the farmer before congress adjourned.

Farmers are not happy. In the west they may take the bit in their teeth on election day and surprise the nation. They claim that the old parties are both handing favors to the east at the expense of the west.

Here is what the Prairie Farmer advises:

"If the McNary-Haugen bill fails there are two effective steps that farmers should take.

"1. Organize to sell their products through co-operatives powerful enough to dictate the price within reasonable limits.

"2. Work and vote for a low tariff on manufactured articles.

"The inequality between the price of farm products and the price of manufactured goods cannot be allowed to continue. If we cannot correct it in one way, we must in another."

ARE ATHLETICS NEEDED— Are We on Right Track?

"We haul pupils to school in a closed wagon. Then we spent thousands of dollars to build gymnasiums so that these same boys and girls can have a chance to get exercise. Funny about our folly and downright foolishness."

This statement was made to Rural Welfare editor by a man 60 years old, who is a healthy taxpayer, farmer, banker and business man. He gives liberally to the church and has been a strong supporter of the public schools. He is a lodge man. Has traveled a lot and has held places of trust and honor.

We have been thinking over what he said to us. How many of our readers have thought of this school matter in this way? Who is it that persuades us to do things of which this man complains.

Sometimes we hear of athletics doing damage to the health of young folks. We seldom ever hear of walking to school making them puny weaklings. Of course the younger folks could not possibly live through the hardships of grandfathers and grandmothers.

IT IS BIG QUESTION— What to Do With Movies.

What would you do with the movie picture shows? We mean the Sunday movies.

Just now churches are making a drive in many places against movies on Sundays, cards and dancing on any day.

In some states laws have been passed to prevent the movie picture shows doing business on the Sabbath. Yet, if we drive through a country town, or watch the big picture show entrance on Sunday evenings in the city, we will see the crowd paying admission to the movie, while churches are wide open and salvation is free.

How would country folks vote on the question of closing Sunday shows? Will churches create prejudice against themselves by leading fights to enforce law and abolish Sunday public entertainments? There is always reaction. If movies should be stopped should it have been done long ago before we got the habit so strongly?

A MAN, A MOMENT, A MISSION

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 20 Is, "The Baptism of Jesus" — Mark 1:1-11 and Parallel Passages.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

FEW travelers ever cross the Jordan to what Syria calls "the East," where the ancient ways still survive. Nobody really knows the Holy Land until he has gone to the desert; and to the rich, windy uplands which lie between the Jordan Valley and Arabia proper. Up and down the length of the Jordan, especially in the northern stretches, just below the Lake of Galilee, are wild, rocky, rugged wildernesses, which the untutored imagination easily peoples with spirits. This western world could not devise a more spectacular setting for the wilderness experiences of Jesus and John and Paul than the traveler may find east of the Jordan.

Two men in sacred history are visualized as desert men, dwellers apart in the stern solitudes in rigorous self-denial and abstemiousness, accompanied only by their own austere meditations. These were Elijah and John the Baptist, whom Jesus declared to be one in spirit. Hard circumstances develop hardy souls. John, the Nazarite, vowed to a life of asceticism, grew up in the wilderness, a hairy man and uncouth, and a fearsome figure in his single camel's hair garment, tied around the middle with a leather thong. He was a man apart, an inhabitant of the solitudes, where he was made ready for his unique mission as the herald of the Coming One.

The Cousin of the Christ.

In our western world we have gone daft over individualism; we accept each person by himself, regardless of his family. Not so the Orient, which deeply understands the truth. "He setteth the solitary in families." A man finds his stanchest allies in his family and clan in the East; and it is worth noting that John, the forerunner of Jesus, was also his cousin, a blood relative. The kinship of their mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, is sometimes overlooked in studying the relationship of the two. Doubtless they had met in boyhood; certainly each knew the story of the other's peculiar attestation before birth, and his unique call and preparation. Both began and continued life under a strange sense of a mission—which is still the surest road for any boy or girl to great service.

Some sensational preachers think to show themselves, like John, an original, by the way they dress and wear their hair, which is cheap theatrics. The Baptist was big, and utterly himself, because he scorned to imitate the rabbis of his time. He had heard the Voice; and so he knew himself to be a voice, and not an echo of other men's messages. John was so great that he realized that he was only a second-place man; for it is possible to be a first-class man in a second place. He had a clear voice call to his own work; and blessed is the person who has found his mission, whatever it may be.

Ask the average celebrity—especially the second rater—to talk about himself, and he will tell you a bookful of stuff. This John the Baptist called himself only an Oriental SAIS; the servant who runs ahead of the horse or carriage of the great one and clears the road for him. I've seen this "forerunner" in Egypt and Syria and Bagdad and India. John was merely a herald, an announcer, a preparer. All his effort merely indicated the Coming One. He was a finger-board to Christ; and any stick may point, so long as it is straight. High in the little gallery of the world's immortals is the Baptist because he was what he was, greatly and without pretense. A fearless protestant, a preacher of repentance, an arraigner of the rich and the powerful offenders of his day, a social reformer after the pattern of the Hebrew prophets, the Baptist is a model for every editor and teacher and preacher.

Fitness and a Job.

There was more to John's mission than even he knew. He had spurned the sychopant arts of a court preacher, and he had become the vogue, first with the rabble and then with all classes. His work was mighty, merely as a preacher of righteousness. (Parenthetically, it may be remarked that no man is called to any pulpit who is not first of all a preacher of sheer and simple righteousness.) Yet, like all sensitive souls, he had his moods of depression and wonderment. Was it only for this that he had made ready so strenuously? Was not the Christ to be attested?

In this case, as in countless others, we see worked out the principle that opportunity waits upon fitness. Man's part is to get ready; God's part is to find the task. If there were more young people intent upon becoming fully prepared, and fewer merely seeking positions, the work of the world would be better done. John got ready for the greatest work in the world—and in the fullness of time his hour of opportunity came. This lesson should drive home to the hearts of youth the all important message of preparation, preparation, preparation!

A High Hour by the the River.

While John was faithfully carrying on, destiny drew near. He had dealt faithfully with the pharisees, with the king, with the soldiers, with the workingmen, with the rabble. In the very midst of his Jordan preaching of repentance, and the practice of his new rite or symbol of baptism, Jesus appeared amidst the multitude.

We pause to think of the great hours in the life of Christ, of which this was one. Like everybody else who has really lived our Lord knew his periods of exaltation—the mountain peaks of experience that rose memorably above the plain of everydayness. This was the first of them all. His baptism, whereby he formally identified Himself with the common lot, and demonstrated that He had come to share the experiences of all of us, was a period of immeasurable spiritual exhilaration. What this formal commencement of His career meant to the sensitive Christ we cannot imagine. The baptism by John, and his testimony; and the attestation from the clouds, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," were only parts of a single overwhelming experience which made this one of the mighty moments in the life of Jesus.

Other transcendant experiences were the Passion of the North, when Peter acclaimed Him the Messiah; the transfiguration, the triumphal entry; the night in the Garden of Gethsemane; and the Crucifixion itself. From a purely human standpoint, Jesus could say, "I have lived." And surely God wants all His other children to have their high hours, also to impart a profound significance to life.

Regarding the Rites.

A wholesome swing away from mere ritualism and a stressing of the inner spirit of religion, marks our day. Questions over which our fathers quarreled interest us but slightly. Theological niceties and ecclesiastical ceremonials and usages leave this generation cold. Our search is more for the spirit of Christ, and for the mind and works of Christ.

Nevertheless, it is easy to overlook the place of rites in righteousness. Symbols do signify. Nobody can be so blind to the historic facts of the life of Christ as to ignore the meaning of the simple record which shows Him from His circumcision to His last passover fulfilling the ceremonial requirements of the law.

At Jordan He signalized the beginning of His mission—His commencement, His inauguration, His initiation, as it were—by taking on John's outward seal of membership in the fellowship of righteousness. Although He did not stand in need of the cleansing from sin which baptism represented, yet it was one bond of fellowship in the kingdom, and so Jesus joined John the Baptist's church by the sacrament of baptism.

As the Master, whose very sandals John proclaimed himself unworthy to unloose, identified Himself with the best religious institution of His time, so we, however superior the most unfit of us feel ourselves to be to the membership of the body, should openly and fully align ourselves with the Christian church, accepting its symbols and sacraments. "Join the Church!" is the practical exhortation of the story of the baptism of Jesus.

GERMANY GETS $14,500,000 BILL

Commission Grants 439 Claims Which Are Made by Americans.

A recapitulation of the work accomplished by the German-American mixed claims commission since its organization shows that 439 awards aggregating more than $14,500,000 have been made in favor of American firms and individuals on claims against Germany for losses suffered in the World war through death or property damage. In addition to the principal, Germany will be required to pay 5 per cent interest on each claim allowed from the date of the award to the time of payment. No payments will be made by Germany, however, until the commission concludes its labors and a funding method is determined on.

When the commission adourned recently for the summer it had pending before it 12,416 claims amounting approximately to $500,000,000, including one by the United States government for $255,544,810, representing the cost of the American army of occupation. That claim, however, is expected to be settled through other than commission channels. Of the more than 12,000 pending claims, 2,044 have been considered by the American and German agencies of the commission and are ready for final action.

While Germany is obligated to pay the amounts agreed on by the claims commission, it remains to be decided where she will get the money.

Once the question of how the claims are to be met is determined, Germany will pay the American government, which, in turn, will remit the amount of the respective awards to the individual claimants.

RADIO DEVICE LOCATES SHIP

Ocean-Mapping Vessel Explodes Bombs to Give Signal.

Equipped with a radio position finder and a sonic depth measurer, the steamer Guide of The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, which has recently entered upon the task of mapping the waters off the Pacific coast to a depth of 1,000 fathoms, was pronounced in the offices of the survey in Seattle the most up-to-date vessel for her work in the world.

The devices on the Guide grew out of cooperative efforts to combat the submarine in the World war.

To get the position of the Guide a small TNT bomb is exploded astern 20 feet under the surface of the water. This is done electrically. The sound wave set in motion by the explosion travels in enlarging circles. When this wave reaches a hydrophone (a device 60 feet under the surface of the water and about half a mile from shore, to which a cable runs) the hydrophone sends a signal ashore, and a shore station automatically sends a radio signal to the Guide.

Figuring from the speed of travel of the sound, the commander of the Guide quickly determines his distance from the shore station. And determining his distance from two stations he knows his position.

Moose Charges Auto on Road at Night

While driving along a road in Wisconsin at night, occupants of a car driven by Theodore Webster, were startled when a large moose appeared on the road directly in the path of the machine. Attracted by the glare of the headlights, the moose charged the machine as they were bringing it to a stop, and badly battered the front of the car, denting the hood and radiator and breaking the windshield. It then took to the woods, and its dead body was found a few yards away.

Four companions were with Webster at the time.

DAVIS CALLED BEST NOMINEE AVAILABLE, LABOR'S TRUE FRIEND

BY MARK SULLIVAN.

John W. Davis is the best man the Democrats could have nominated. The second best, or equal best, is Senator Glass of Virginia.

One day last April, when the writer was talking with Senator Glass about the latter's reluctance to let his friends push him forward more energetically, Glass expressed his view with the use of a rather quaint, old-fashioned word occasionally found in the vocabulary of Senator Glass and other Virginians.

He said, as a reason why he himself should not be put forward, "John W. Davis is the best furnished man for the presidency." What he meant by that inclusive word was that of all the men mentioned Davis has the best equipment of character, intellect and experience.

Let us now use another superlative and say that this Democratic convention was one of the best national conventions of either party held in recent years.

Baker Highly Enthused.

Probably a good many people have been jeering at the convention during the two weeks in which it was going through travail. While we were in the very midst of that, when even some of the delegates themselves feared the Democratic party was being destroyed, there was a conversation here in which one of the participants was ex-Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.

Mr. Baker, as the advocate of an unsuccessful minority plank on the League of Nations, and as a member of the Ohio delegation, was in the very center of the storm. Nevertheless, his fine mind, his knowledge of history and his faith in democracy with a small "d" was such as to cause him to speak in terms of almost excited enthusiasm about this convention. It was unbossed, it took its own measure of every leader that tried to dominate it, it fought out the contentions of its various factions, it came to its own conclusions, and in the end it nominated the best one of the 20 or 30 candidates before it.

Refused to Pull Wires.

One of the minor satisfactions about the selection of Davis is that he himself had no part in it. He, together with Carter Glass, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, and one or two others, who did not come to the front, were the candidates who stood by certain older standards of personal dignity and taste, who against the persuasions of their friends steadily refrained from so much as bending a finger to cause the current of events in the convention to turn their way.

In comparison with some of the candidates who had immense, elaborate organizations, with many paid employes, the only thing there was in the shape of organization in behalf of Davis was an unsophisticated, shy person from West Virginia, who is known to those who came in contact with him as "Clem" Shaver.

I don't know what the "Clem" stood for. I don't know what his occupation or background is. He looked like a West Virginia farmer, or certainly like nothing more sophisticated than a country town lawyer. He looked curiously out of place among the very experienced, very sophisticated managers of other candidates, who were rushing and dashing about the place.

All Shaver had was what he called "the Clarksburg, W. Va., Home Town club." Of course, there were many persons of considerable weight who favored Davis because of the familiarity they had come to have with his personal powers. But all of these were restrained and held aloof, as with a kind of sensitive dignity, from the excited pushing, shoving, wire-pulling and trading that was being done in behalf of other candidates.

The thing the Democrats most need now is to persuade the newspapers and other leaders of the West from forming any absurdly hasty judgment on Davis, with no more to go on than the mere phrase that he has been "Morgan's lawyer."

Bryan said that while he regarded Davis as the finest kind of man personally, his opposition to the nomination of Davis was based on his fear that Davis might not run well west of the Mississippi as against LaFollette. That may be or may not be. We shall not know until November.

But what is greatly to be hoped is that the West will suspend judgment on Davis long enough to make sure they have adequate data for their judgment. Within two or three weeks, Davis, by his public utterances, will have put this campaign on a basis now undreamed of, and will have made a revelation of his personality and of his view on public questions such as will give everybody adequate opportunity to judge.

Defended Debs, "Mother" Jones.

As a contribution toward forestalling too early an estimate of Davis' relations to economy and social questions, the following lines are reprinted from an article by the present writer on April 13:

"Davis is essentially liberal, and a courageous liberal. On the occasion of a strike in the West Virginia coal mines, Davis acted as counsel for "Mother" Jones and Eugene V. Debs, when they were charged with sedition and inciting to riot, an action on his part which called for a good deal of courage, considering the place and the time. Several years ago when Davis was a member of congress, he acted as chairman of the Democratic state convention in West Virginia which put the first woman suffrage plank in any Democratic platform in that state. This, too, was an act of intellectual freedom that called for courage at that time and in that place.

"One of the clients Davis has had during the last three years is a labor union, the National Window Glass Workers, which he defended successfully in the supreme court against an effort of the government to condemn a contract made between the window glass workers and the window glass manufacturers as being a combination in restraint of trade.

"Probably the reason this labor union came for Mr. Davis to represent it in this case lay in the recollection of all labor unions that Mr. Davis as congressman had taken what labor regards as a friendly view of public questions in which labor is interested. Davis as a congressman served on the judiciary committee which wrote the Clayton act exempting labor unions from the operation of the Sherman anti-trust law. The common belief at the time was that Davis personally was the writer of the act.

"Another episode in Mr. Davis' career that brought him to the friendly attention of the labor unions was the fact that Davis, as solicitor general of the United States, made the argument in favor of the constitutionality of the so-called Adamson eight-hour law, the statute which establishes an eight-hour day for railroad employes. The brief and the argument that Davis made upholding this eight-hour law form at once an example of the liberality of his convictions and of his intellectual strength."

Cleveland Action Cited.

All these things, which, as I say, were written last April, should be remembered now as against those who will be tempted to read inaccurate inferences into the fact that Mr. Davis, since he retired from public life, has been a member of that New York law firm which, as it happens, is the same firm that Grover Cleveland entered when he retired from public life.

These things should be remembered as against any hasty disposition to come to an offhand judgment about Mr. Davis, based on mere inferences from the fact that the best intellectual talent of the country is sought out by the biggest business interests of the country when they want able lawyers.

The outstanding characteristic of Mr. Davis is intellectual integrity and intellectual freedom. Liberals and progressives, whose liberality is grounded on intellectual freedom and intellectual courage, will understand and appreciate these qualities in Mr. Davis.

Would Get Debs' Commendation.

The man who, in all America, typifies an extreme form of intellectual freedom, a freedom so courageous that it departs from practical reality, is Eugene Debs. Two days ago Debs presided over the Socialist national convention. The writer makes the guess that if Eugene Debs were asked to express his opinion of Mr. Davis, he would speak of him in terms of generous favor. Debs has had reason to have favorable knowledge of Davis' mind, and Debs is a man of such intellectual integrity that he never would refrain from a commendation that he felt was due.

The same is probably true of Wayne Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon league. Wheeler, if asked, undoubtedly will say that he has complete confidence in Davis in the field of prohibition enforcement. All this should weigh during the period of hasty temptation to think and write and speak of Mr. Davis in terms of mere convenient labels and phrases about conservative or progressive, wet or dry.

(New York Herald-Tribune News Service.)

TICKETS TO U. S. AREN'T ANY GOOD

75,000 Britons Ready to Sail When Immigration Rules Are Changed.

The new American immigration regulations became effective July 10, much to the distress of 75,000 British subjects who had bought steamship tickets and to the financial disappointment of steamship companies which had sold steerage space to that number of passengers.

For weeks the American consulates in the United Kingdom have been besieged by prospective immigrants who have cited their steamship tickets as full and sufficient reasons that they be permitted to travel to the United States. The new method of handling emigrants, however, requires that anybody to go to America for indefinite residence shall write to the nearest American consulate from whom he will receive an appointment to appear before the consul for a visa.

Those found eligible for admission to the United States will receive visa certificates, which, once granted, will assure the passengers of admission to the United States without the possibility of detention at Ellis Island.

As far as the quota is concerned there will be no detention inasmuch as only a sufficient number of visa certificates to absorb the quota will be granted.

The quota for Great Britain and Ulster is 34,007 of which 10 per cent will be granted visa certificates monthly.

Woman Explorer Scores Modern Girl

Modern girls are slaves to the powder puff, according to Lady Richmond Brown, noted woman explorer.

"Too many of the girls of today," said Lady Brown, "have become dolls. Our girls during the war were capable; but I do not think the girl of the present day is made of the right sort—certainly not the girl of the night club and the dance hall.

"Girls who live in the colonies and those who live in the open-air life of the country have more of the independent, self-relying spirit that is needed today."

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TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1924

Let us love one another and vote as we please.

Well, it will go on record as the longest national imbroglio ever held by a political party.

Farmers who are at home looking after their crops are doing more for themselves than the politicians are doing for them.

Gaston B. Means is another old pitcher that went to the well once too often.

Lima Beane says the long and short of it is McAdidn't.

Speaking of the length of the New York convention it is the longest time the new woman has been away from home.

This country is a success. Can that be the reason so many failures are dissatisfied with it?

Young people often feel that good advice is the natural enemy of a good time.

Let's see, what are the campaign issues that have been raised by the Democratic platform?

When a bride hits her husband with a roast chicken, as one man charges, the honeymoon is over.

Away go the nuisance taxes! Sober second thought: The nuisances remain.

It's the innocent look of the unripe cantaloupe that works on the sympathies of mankind.

General Grant said let us have peace. The radicals say let us have pieces.

Even with all that has been going on in New York Mr. Bryan still doesn't believe in the monkey theory.

They say figures don't lie, but some of them look like exaggerations.

Secretary Mellon knew where President Coolidge stood on the question of calling an extra session of congress or he would not have mentioned the big treasury surplus.

It is up to every man who contemplates matrimony to pick out a good mother for his children.

All work and no play is one form of labor trouble.

It is remarkable that the nation has prospered so wonderfully, considering all the things alleged to be the matter with it.

Pedestrians are now dodging the ten millionth Ford.

Of course, if everybody were contented politics would be uninteresting.

Although the Democrats have had a big party, largely attended, it cannot be written that a good time was had by all.

Inasmuch as Solomon was king we suppose each of his seven or eight hundred wives felt that she married well.

Unless some night get the wrong impression it may be well to explain that the fractional ballots in the convention were not cast by the women delegates.

Senator LaFollette is going to a lot of bother to get even with Republicans for not listening to him.

Another attack has been made on personal liberty. There is a new law which forbids hunting gorillas in the Belgian Congo.

It is said the drys are not satisfied. However that may be, they don't make as much noise as the wets.

But for the Eighteenth amendment one might think the man who talks of having himself shot up to the moon is already half-shot.

Neither the LaFollette nor the Democratic convention has tried to explain why Destiny has been so kind to the Republican party.

What makes politics so interesting is that even a good man, who would not think of starting a lie, will help one along after it is started.

The groom at a wedding is a necessary impertinence, but the new women will eventually contrive some way of getting rid of him.

Though born on the Fourth, Mr. Coolidge is a non-explosive.

Ben Franklin made freedom ring when he said to the signers of the Declaration of Independence: "If we don't hang together we will hang separately." England is just beginning to see the joke.

There is such a thing as mass courage but it is left to political conventions to show mass cowardice.

If the waist line ever gets down to the knees, as threatened from France, they'll be stepping on it next.

Democrats were pretty wise and foresighted after all in taking the convention to a town that had a large police force.

Even an ardent dog lover's first conclusion, when something is destroyed around the home, is: "That darned pup did it."

Platform for LaFollette: Everything that is wrong.

Instead of being on the offensive in the forthcoming campaign, as they had contemplated, the Democrats will have all they can do to defend themselves.

Where there is distress and need of immediate relief there you will find the Red Cross. It is one institution that proves the world is getting better.

A Political Menagerie

LaFollette is making it possible for anybody with a radical habit of mind, a radical leaning or a radical formula or panacea, to vote for him.

It does not matter if one is a Socialist, a Communist, a member of the I. W. W., a Greenwich Villager or a believer in the theory that the ills of the country can be cured by making a bonfire of human clothes or going on a dietary of shoemaker's wax—there is room for all and, within reason, all the colorful doctrines, tenets, creeds and canons of radicalism of whatsoever kind and species will receive friendly attention and support from the captain of the movement.

It is an interesting menagerie, full-flavored and needing but the red lemonade and the peanuts to compete the commonplace circuses out of business for the duration of the season.

Yet riots break out at times in every sort of menagerie. They may break out in this one. The Communists, for example, are a pushing lot and always want the platform. They have been checked and rebuked already, but not harshly. They will die unless they speak, and if they do not get the chance they will do exceedingly embarrassing things deliberately and with malice aforethought. The Socialists, through their action in 1920, adhere to the Third Internationale organized by Lenine, Trotzky and the Communist party of Russia. They are not likely to keep either this fact or themselves in the background for the purpose of helping the LaFollette cause. It is not in their nature. The railroad people have joined up in order to make their hatred of the Esch-Cummins law more vocal. They have nothing in common with I. W. W.ism or with Socialism. They are, indeed, frankly capitalistic, endeavoring at this moment to get a railroad and coal mine investment of theirs—charged with being grossly over-capitalized—recognized by the Interstate Commerce commission. It is inconceivable that they can sit in the councils of the LaFollette boom and meet as brethren the people who insist that private property is sinful and vicious.

The plan is for a campaign against the weaknesses and inadequacies of the major parties. It is doubtful if the program can be followed rigidly. Behind LaFollette are groups that will never be satisfied merely with criticism, but will inevitably insist on presenting their favorite recipes for reconstructing America and making the world an abode of joy forever. Then the blow-up will occur.

Radicalism in the United States is not a compact set of principles and ideas, but a multitude of notions more conflicting than the dogmas of the two big wings of the Democratic party.

Sad Lot of the Creditor

The love that Europe has for America is not the kind that passeth understanding. It is the feeling the once wealthy and now decaying family on the big lot at the corner has for the up and coming people who have had the nerve to work and get rich and move into the block.

The trouble with our position in the world is that a big part of that world owes us money. It obtained the money when the lack of it threatened to end the careers of certain nations whose territory the acquisitive Bill Hohenzollern was reaching for. With the money these beleagured nations obtained other help—guns and gunpowder, food steel and ships, mighty armies of lusty young men itching to get into the fight. These are benefits forgotten. All that a great many Europeans remember is that they owe us money. The thought gives them a species of hydrophobia. Listen to Arthur Michael Samuel, member of the British parliament, manufacturer economist and one of the prominent executives of the British Chambers of Commerce:

"Our policy is now to stuff gold down the throat of the United States, and we can do this by continuing to honor the claims America has made upon us for debt repayment. The American economic organization will gradually become surfeited and disorganized and weakened by volumes of gold which it desires but does not need, cannot use beneficially, cannot digest and cannot assimilate into its external or internal commercial machinery. That is why the United States now tries to offer its gold, ostensibly for the benefit of suffering Europe,' but really for the benefit of the United States. The United States put the screws on and obtained the gold from 'suffering Europe.' But now they see that the gold may do them more harm than good."

Plainly we could please Europe by going bankrupt. There may be no other way to do it unless another World war should break out and we'd hop in to save the day. Even then, when peace was made, our cousins over the sea might foam at the mouth whenever they beheld an American.

There is only one thing worse than being a creditor nation. It is being a debtor nation.

Democratic Double Ender

It is said upon apparently good authority that the architects of the Democratic platform received their inspiration along the wharves in New York.

Most ferry boats plying on the rivers between Greater New York and its boroughs and suburbs are "double enders." There is a pilot house and a navigator's bridge on each end. They have two rudders, two steering wheels. They face both ways. They run with equal facility in either direction and one must be a close observer to determine, at a little distance, whether they are coming or going.

So the political architects borrowed the big idea of the marine architects and built a Democratic double-ender, facing both ways on the Ku Klux Klan issue, the League of Nations and the demands of organized labor, and "got away with it." The Democrats now can run in either direction, in different states, as the exigencies of politics may demand, in the attempt to steer clear of menacing shoals of public opinion or prejudice.

But the convention did not "double end" on the nomination of a candidate for president. It had to choose between Smith, who is wet and anti-Klan, and McAdoo, who is dry and pro-Klan. It deadlocked for two weeks.

Now of course the proposal of a Republican newspaper may not be taken seriously in this crisis, but in all good faith the Blade suggests that the Democrats should have cast aside the fetters of precedent and nominated both Smith and McAdoo. Its chances for success this fall would not have been impaired thereby and the party could at least have maintained an attitude of consistency by facing two ways on everything and pleasing everybody.

The Radical Coolidge

Mr. Coolidge has almost been made the symbol of conservatism. It is a popular misconception. In one striking way he is more radical than a comet shooting through the skies and mussing up the orderly procession of the planets. He says:

"I am for economy. After that I am for more economy. At this time and under present conditions that is my conception of serving all the people."

Nothing is more progressive today than slashing at government expenses and reducing taxes, simply because four-fifths of our national ills are due to waste and over-taxation. The man who saves money for the people, puts money in the people's pockets and solves the chief economic problems of the country. Your true conservative is a man like LaFollette who got out of a sickbed to go to the senate to speak for a needless appropriation and an altogether unnecessary addition to the army of government jobholders.

A War Always With Us

The army worm is well named. It marches like one of those armies of the Middle Ages that devoured and destroyed as it made its way and left ruin in its wake.

The army worm to the number of billions and trillions is moving across the northern part of Illinois eating up the crops as it goes. The attacks have wiped some farms as clean as would fire. They have wrought such destruction upon other farms that their owners will make no attempt to harvest the small amount of wheat and oats and corn that has been overlooked, the rewards being too meager to warrant the labor.

The invaders are fought with torches, plows, spades, post and ditch diggers, poison and oil. But in places there are as many as 49 worms to the square foot of fields of timothy and rye. Fighting such a plague is like fighting germs, the war being against myriads and more or less invisible. The best method appears to be the digging of trenches so steep-sided that when the worms in their march go into these holes they cannot crawl out. Yet this requires a vast amount of work, more than the average farmer, tilling his soil alone, has the power to expend.

The struggle of American agriculture with the lowlier creatures of nature far exceeds the battle with thin soil, stony land and weather become hostile. It was estimated a few years ago that 20 per cent of the outlay of farming capital is for the purpose of meeting the insect pests and overcoming them. A few insects, such as the boll-weevil of the South, have threatened the future of an entire crop. The losses are almost beyond computation.

Some of the pests have been conquered by the introduction of enemies as numerous and merciless as the crop destroyers. Yet new pests appear from time to time. The war is never-ending and constitutes one of the heavy burdens upon the shoulders of American farmers.

War Sells the Tractor

The World war and the war with Greece caused the sacrifice of thousands of oxen and water buffalo, beasts of burden in the Turkish possessions. They were commandeered for military service or killed for food or abandoned when the waves of battle swept suddenly into some hitherto peaceful valley. This has made the situation distressing for the farm people in these first years of reconstruction. The animals are scarce and costly. But gasoline tractors, doing the work of a score of oxen, can be had for the price of two or three teams of oxen or buffalo. The tractors are bought, though Moslems in their conservatism say that this is only an expedient. When oxen are cheap again, the machines will be turned out in the rain to rust away. But the affairs of men seldom work out that way. When the past is abandoned there is usually no rescue expedition.

In the old days, when a candidate for congress had an engagement to make a Fourth of July speech, he had his wife sew an extra set of suspender buttons on his trousers. That was the origin of safety first.

A hero is a man who loves whisky better than he loves prohibition, but won't take a drink because it is out of harmony with the Eighteenth amendment.

Americans know Mr. Bryan is a strong man on his feet, yet they have never thought it safe to seat him in the presidential chair.

ON A PHILIPPINE RAILWAY

Days of Guerillas Versus Present

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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I HAVE been riding all day through one of the richest valleys of Luzon, and am writing this on the train. As I look out of the car window I see a vast network of rice fields rising in gentle terraces, one over the other. We pass a village every few miles, the thatched huts shining out of clumps of bananas. There are carabaos and ponies grazing everywhere in the fields, and gangs of men and women working the crops. Here and there is a little patch of green corn and now and then some acres of sugar cane. The rest is all rice, rice, rice. There are but few fences. I can look over miles of level fields now gray after the harvest, but green where the vegetation is sprouting through the cut-off stalks.

Near the railroad there is no irrigation. The fields are small, and each is surrounded by little grass-grown walls to keep in the water. But the water comes from the floods of the rainy season, when it pours for days and days, and at times almost in streams. The rainfall in parts of the valley is so great in some years that if all the water that drops in one place could be held there it would cover the head of the average Filipino standing upon the shoulders of his tallest brother. We are in the hot season now, and everything is comparatively dry.

The walls that hold in the water are about eight inches wide and perhaps a foot high. They form a great network of immense squares, making the whole country look as though it were the molding field of a foundry. Each square is a plot ranging in size from a city lot to an acre. On the tops of the walls is grass spotted with flowers. As the water falls, the walls form the paths of the country, and some are worn smooth by the bare feet of the people. Other parts of the valley have a slight slope, and some rise gently from one platform to another.

The country we have covered today is dotted with groves and clumps of bamboos, great bunches, with round stalks as high as a six-story flat, whose lean branches, alorned with green feathers, quiver at every passing breeze. There are a few houses out in the fields, and in most cases they are hidden by the bamboos or bananas that shade them. The people here do not live on the farms, but in villages, and the towns are scattered along the roads just as in France and Germany. Many of the farmers walk several miles to their work every day. The roads are often lined with houses, a single little town stretching itself out for a mile or more on both sides of the roadway.

Hike With General Wheeler.

But before I go further let me tell you something of the changes that have taken place since our occupation in Luzon, the richest and greatest of the Philippine Islands. My first ride in the islands was over this same railroad on which I am writing. I had just landed in Manila to write an account for the American newspapers of conditions as they were upon our taking possession. Guerilla warfare was then going on from the far north in Luzon to the bottom of Mindanao and we had divisions of soldiers on every island.

One of the first men I met in the Hotel Oriente was fighting Joe Wheeler. He had made a great reputation as a cavalry leader in our Civil war; and then, 35 years later, at the age of 63, he was as spry and active as a Filipino game rooster in a cock-fight. He had asked me to come up to his camp, which was about 80 miles north of Manila on this very railway. When we started, there were soldiers on the engine and at the two ends of each car. During the trip we were fired at several times, and a bullet went through the window of the compartment next to the one in which we were. We went to the depot in little two-wheeled carts dragged by ponies, and as for baggage, we had none.

General Wheeler, in response to my query as to whether he could accommodate me at the camp, said: "Of course, I have a whole palace; it is floored with mahogany and there is plenty of room." He told the truth, but the palace was bare as a barn. The mahogany floors upon which I had to sleep were so hard that the wood would turn a nail, and I found 54 new bones in my body during the first night of my stay.

On the Train.

Today I rode from the hotel to the depot in an American automobile. I have eight pieces of baggage, which is piled about me in the comfortable compartment that I have for myself and stenographer on the train. Instead of a soldier taking the tickets, there is a dapper Filipino dressed in khaki, and the superintendent of the road, clad in white duck, met me at the station. The roadbed is comparatively good, and the cars, which are almost all windows, are like those of Europe. I am traveling first-class, and the fare is as high as at home. There are third-class cars in the rear filled for the most part with Filipinos. Travel is just as safe as at home, and at every station the natives are anxious to please. The guerillas disappeared more than two decades ago, and I believe that one can now travel over all parts of these islands and be quite as safe as at any place in New England.

But let us take a look out of the car windows. Things are much more active than they were in the days of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. There are farmers everywhere at work in the fields, and we can get a good picture of this country of farms. You must first imagine the beautiful scenery. We have before us a valley covered with silver-gray patches, sewed together with wide strips of green and embroidered with wild flowers. By and by the new rice will be planted, the water let in, and the whole country will be a sheet of emeralds on a great bed of silver.

On each side of the valley are mountains as blue as the Alleghenies, rising and falling in rugged volcanic beauty way off to the right and the left. The space between is spotted with tall clumps of bamboo. On this, as a background, the Filipinos stand or stoop, more picturesque even than their surroundings. There are hundreds of brown-skinned women dressed in strange clothing of which bright red forms the principal color. They have brown hats as big as bread bowls turned upside down and short jackets that seem always just about to fall from their shoulders. Their skirts are bag-like, and often tucked up so that the bare feet and half of the legs show. The men wear their shirts outside their thin cotton trousers; most of them have big hats like the women. There are also children of all ages, some dressed like their parents and others with almost no clothes at all. See that pretty brown boy over there. He wears a white shirt, the tail of which just touches his hips, and he has a black belt around his waist. From his hips to his heels he is as bare as when he was born.

Harvesting Rice.

Most of the rice was cut some weeks ago. The heads were taken off one by one, tied up in bundles, not much bigger than a good-sized bouquet, and carried home to be threshed. Half of the straw was left standing, and the people are now going through cutting the stalks, tying them in bundles, and putting them in low windrows and piles. Each girl has a sickle or knife with a long handle, and she bends low as she cuts. Some of the girls are quite pretty, and they bring to my mind Ruth, the grandmother of David, as she gathered the barley after old Boaz before she went home that night and captured his heart.

But what are they doing there on the left side of the railway? There are two men and four women hanging on to a bamboo pole held up by bamboo stakes in the ground. They are jumping up and down on the rice straw that lies at their feet. That is the human threshing machine of Luzon. They are treading the rice grains out with their weight. The main crop is threshed when it is cut. The little sheaves are brought in and stacked up about the hut, or placed with their heads downward on the ground inside an inclosure to dry. When thoroughly ripe, the heads with the husks on them are put into a mortar made by hollowing out a block of hardwood, and then pounded with great wooden pestles, thus threshing the rice from the straw. The winnowing is done by the wind. The rice is thrown up into the air again and again and the grains are caught in a tray. Some of the larger farms now have threshing machines, and on some farms ponies and carabaos are driven around over the straw to tread out the grain.

Battle of Rice Pounders.

This threshing of the rice in mortars reminds me of an incident that created quite an excitement in General Joe Wheeler's brigade. The pounding of the pestle in the hollow-out log makes a boom, boom, which in its irregularity sounds like the firing of a band of guerillas. At the time of my stay the insurrectos were close to our camp, and Captain Smith of the general staff came in and reported that they were shooting near by. We went out, and it seemed as though there was an engagement two miles away. The shots came boom! boom! boom! boomety boom! The little general listened and his face brightened, for, as you know, he dearly loved fighting. He said: "It sounds to me as though they are firing over at Bacalor. We had best go to the lookout; they may need our help." The lookout was a small tree near the palace at which a man with a pair of field glasses was stationed to scan the country and guard against surprises. Upon being asked as to whether he saw anything, the man said there were no troops in sight, but he was sure the firing was within less than two miles. He gave us the direction, and thereupon the general and his staff started with a regiment to attack the guerillas. They made the two miles and then found that the shots came not from muskets but from a half-dozen farmers at work pounding out rice. That was all. The incident was afterwards known in Wheeler's brigade as "The Battle of the Rice Pounders."

Birds and Buffaloes.

Now compare the country about us with that of the United States. There are no farm houses or great barns standing out on the fields. The straw stacks are all small. None holds more than two tons. There is practically nothing to be seen on the landscape but vegetation and people. We look in vain for cows, sheep or horses. The only animals visible are the water-buffaloes, with here and there a black razor-backed pig. The water-buffaloes are never out of our sight. They graze by the roadside, they wallow in every pond and mud-puddle, they drag great carts with wheels a yard in diameter, or perhaps rude sleds. The ground of the wet rice fields is soft and wheeled vehicles cannot be used. As I write I see them going along, their heads down, dragging rude, one-handled plows like those of the Scriptures. There are also steel plows that come from the States.

The carabaos are ridden as well as driven. After work, the men usually ride them from the fields to their homes, and I often see one in a pasture with a brown-skinned boy or girl on its great flat back. Everywhere in the pastures they are ridden by birds, each having one or more on its back. We have just passed a carabao with a white crane roosting on it, and farther on is one with a crow sitting close to its tail. The crow is pecking at the buffalo, but the buffalo understands and does not object. He knows that the crow is a good fly catcher and is feeding off the insects that are feeding on him.

Railroad Stations.

But we have stopped at a station. The crowd is pouring in and out of third-class cars, and peddlers with all sorts of wares come to the windows. They are mostly women; they carry the stuff in baskets resting on their arms or on the tops of their heads. Here is a girl with a wooden bowl as big as a parasol turned inside down. It sets on her head and is so balanced it stays there as she walks along. It is filled with yellow fruit not unlike Bartlett pears. They are ripe mangoes, and the odor makes our mouths water. Behind is a boy with his arms full of sugar cane, peeled and ready for sucking, and at the next car window is a woman with mosquito net sleeves who offers the passengers cooked fish wrapped up in banana leaves. Others are selling candies and cakes, and one has a basket filled with sky-blue duck eggs. I recognize them as balut, or the half-hatched chickens cooked to a turn that I described in the Manila market. The eggs were 19 days under the hen, and are just right for eating.

As we go on we have a look at the villages. They are mostly of Filipino architecture with the exception of the school buildings, which stand out quite as conspicuously as the little red country school house at home. Many of these schools, however, are even better than ours. They are large, well-lighted, and as clean as new pins. Now and then we see the children playing outside them. They are in evidence in every town and on every country road in Luzon.

The native houses are the same everywhere. Every village of any size has a plaza, facing on which is a church, the government offices, and some of the best dwellings. On the other streets, surrounding the plaza and often running for miles along the roads out into the country, are thatched huts, some large and some small, made of framework of bamboo poles with walls of split cane woven like a basket. They are roofed with grass or ripe palm leaves. All the buildings, rich and poor, are usually from three to six feet above the ground in order to be out of the way of the water during the rainy season. In the farm dwellings the first floor is so high that the carabaos and other live stock of the owner can stand under the house in the heat of the day. The same space often forms a shelter for the farming tools, carts and sleds.

The country town houses of the better class are often large and commodious. They may have a first story of stone and a second of wood, and they are often surrounded by beautiful gardens. Indeed, many of them have all the comforts that we have. Some of the towns are now lighted by electricity, but more have only oil lamps. This is especially true of the villages.

Philippine Railways.

I am somewhat disappointed in the growth of the Philippine railways. At the time we took possession, this road was the only one in the Islands, and was then 120 miles long. It belonged to an English company and had been in operation only eight years. It was originally built with a guaranty of eight per cent from the Spanish government, and was exempt from taxes. It did not succeed, and after the Americans came in was refinanced and eventually extended to the northern part of the Islands. When the Philippine government bought it in 1917 it belonged to a system 620 miles long, which was transporting something like 8,000,000 passengers a year. There are short strips of railroads in other islands, but altogether the railways of the Philippines are less than 800 miles in length, with more than four-fifths in Luzon. Nearly every one of the larger islands would be benefited by more railway transportation, and most of them are so thickly populated that railroads ought to pay well. Luzon itself is as large as Ohio, and it has about as many people as Ohio had 10 years ago. I do not know the exact railway mileage, but I doubt not that Ohio has 10 times as much as Luzon.

Much of the transportation is on the rivers and by the many coastal steamers that move around the islands. There is no district far from the sea, and the roads are rapidly improving. Motor trucks to a large extent supply facilities for moving passengers and goods, and our government has inaugurated a great movement in building new roads. The islands already have public roads to reach from New York to San Francisco and back, and sufficient first-class motor roads to make a highway from Boston to Salt Lake City. The first-class roads are well surfaced and graded and kept in repair. They have many concrete bridges and culverts, and where the bridges are missing there are ferries that will carry automobiles weighing two tons and more.

Filipinos Pound Rice

—Copyright, Carpenter's World Travels.

WHEN all the people of a village in the Philippines are pounding rice with pestle and mortar, the noise sounds like that of a cannonade and rifle attack.

ABE MARTIN

Th' Little Gem Resturint is addin' a fine line o' drugs.

Mrs. Tipton Bud's brother has been rich almost five years an' it's still fun t' watch him.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

It Didn't Work

SHE married James Jinx to reform him, though he was the poorest of jays; she thought her affection would warm him, inspire him to godlier ways. "I fear," said her reverend pastor, "you're pulling a boner, fair maid; such marriages lead to disaster, such hopes as you cherish will fade." "Odsfish," said the family lawyer, whose hair was as white as the snow; "I'd hate to appear the destroyer of dreams that a damsel may know. But greatly I fear that your wedding with one who is sinful and vain will bring you the hardest of sledding, and oodles of sorrow and pain." "Gee whiz," said her Sunday school teacher, "I only can weep and condole, beholding you marry that creature, with hope of rebuilding his soul!" Her parents, they wept and implored her to cut out so foolish a plan; they wept and besought till they bored her, as only one's fond parents can. She married that indigent fellow, she rounded him up at the kirk; a skate who was idle and yellow, a boob with a grudge against work. And now she is taking in washing, to purchase the family hash, and she is so tired of the joshing of those who predicted the smash! Her husband is patiently warming his shins at the billiard hall fire, and she is so tired of reforming she'd think it a boon to expire.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The World

Each day the sun comes up at dawn
to smile upon us all,
To see us toiling at our tasks, so
great and yet so small;
And here it finds a dream begun and
there a dream complete,
And where stood trees but yesterday
now runs a city street.

How many, many years ago the sun
bestrode the sky
And saw a few brave figures put
their barbarous habits by,
And fell the trees for comfort's sake,
and shape the ugly stone,
And start to build a better world
than life had ever known.

Perhaps it was the fight to live, the
urge to cheat the storm,
To meet the winters, cold and long,
with shelters safe and warm;
But day by day the sun arose and
looked on earth below
And saw that man was upward
bound, his eyes with light
aglow.

Each day the sun comes up at dawn
and sees us as we are;
It sees the buildings we have reared,
the ships we send afar,
And patiently I think it waits and
watches and believes
And glories in each better thing
which man at last achieves.

(© 1924 Edgar A. Guest)

37 Indian Tribes Represented in Army

Thirty-seven tribes of American Indians are represented in the two Kansas national guard units, of 80 men each at Haskell institute in Lawrence, Kan. These are said to be the only two Indian units in the United States.

Company D of the 137th Infantry was organized at Haskell three years ago. A few days later the Haskell authorities were granted permission to organize a troop of cavalry. The infantry company won out over every competing outfit in field activities at the last Kansas National Guard encampment.

Three white men, instructors at Haskell, are officers in the cavalry troop. Only two white men, both officers, are connected with the infantry unit. Walter D. Owl, first lieutenant of the infantry outfit, is a full blooded Indian and the son of a chief.

VARIETIES

A halibut taken in Alaska in 1906 weighed 365 pounds.

There are about 33,500 forest fires a year in this country.

Brazil is finding a great demand for its snake bite serum.

The tourniquet was invented by a French surgeon, Morel, in 1674.

Knights were frequently killed in the tilting contests of olden days.

The unemployed in the United States numbered 1,500,000 in 1922.

Palu glacier in the Swiss Alps has a movement of from 18 to 24 inches a day.

Out of 42,000 medical practitioners in England only 2,000 are women.

The thorns of the desert cactus are being utilized as phonograph needles.

The production of milk in 1923 was 7,000,000,000 pounds more than in 1922.

When rock is relatively dry it is not greatly damaged by exposure to freezing.

It is computed that the world used more than 4,675,670 matches last year.

Germany is buying American mules to replace oxen in agricultural work.

Technical schools in Tokio are now holding special classes in architecture for girls.

Ethylene, the new anaesthetic gas, is used in California to turn green lemons yellow.

It is said that a dish served to persons of distinction in Pharaoh's time was made of lentils, oil and garlic.

Out of 12,607 women students who have passed out of Oxford university, England, only 657 have married.

Seven hundred tons of briquettes a day is the product of a machine for excavating peat from Minnesota peat bogs.

In the last 10 years 5,000 patents have been granted American women, more than the total for 105 years previously.

Prince Aage, son of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, has been commissioned a major in the French colonial forces.

Few people realize that the area of Brazil is 200,000 square miles more than the United States, including Alaska.

The first woman to receive an honorary degree from any American college was Anna M. T. Redfield, naturalist and author.

Glovemaking uses up a large quantity of eggs, one firm alone requiring 2,000 yolks a week in one process of preparing kid.

Miss Mabel A. Buell, only woman scenic artist in New York, earns large sums of money by designing sets and painting curtains for the theaters.

An aerotechnic department to test and train student aviators and work out aviation problems has been added to the French Military Academy at St. Cyr.

The R. N. W. M. P., heretofore known as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, are now known as the R. C. M. P.—Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Although the number of farm workers decreased 4 per cent during the last 10 years, crop production increased about 13 per cent during the same period.

The longest aerial power line span, one of 6,153 feet, is projected by a power company which will bring electric power into Seattle from across Puget sound.

The federal government paid $255,201,662 in pensions during the fiscal year ended June 30 last year. This amount is $4,908,259 less than for the preceding fiscal year.

A feature of a recent musical festival in London was the singing by combined choirs from the mothers' clubs of the metropolis, many of the choristers being more than 70 years old.

An earthwork and palisade of palm leaves is being built to save rich date-growing oasis of the Djerid of Tunis from the gradual encroachment of the sands of the desert.

About 42,000,000 letters pass through the dead letter branches of the postoffice in the United States yearly because they are undeliverable. This is at the rate of 3,500,000 a month.

Japan proper has a land area of 147,655 square miles or about one-twenty-fourth of the United States, while its population is about 56,000,000, or one-half of that of the United States.

Tiles and bricks for interior building purposes can now be made from the residue of castor oil beans. The appearance of the new material is like polished stone, only it is not cold to the touch.

Twenty-five per cent of the 2,500,000 public school pupils of the country are taking business subjects, according to authorities connected with the United States Bureau of Education.

A Pan-American congress on standardization will meet in Lima, Peru, next November in an effort to arrive at a system of uniform engineering standards for all countries in the western hemisphere.

The name of Queen Victoria of Spain is to be added to the list of 21 queens who have received the pope's golden rose, the highest temporal honor it is possible for the Catholic church to bestow.

The population of the United States from 1830 to 1920 increased from around 12,000,000 to 105,000,000, and of this increase it is estimated that 30,000,000 was due to net immigration from foreign countries.

Experts in the United States department of agriculture estimate that the available land resources of the United States are capable of supporting a population of 300,000,000 with no greater relative dependence on outside sources than exists today.

The late Marie Corelli on being asked why she never married, said: "There is no need, for I have three pets at home which answer the same purpose as a husband—a dog which growls every morning, a parrot which swears all the afternoon and a cat which comes home late at night."

An English artist owns a cat which will not enter the house by the back door. It always walks up to the front door, which has a knocker at a convenient height, gives one or two knocks, and then waits for the door to be opened. If there is not an immediate answer it knocks again until it has gained admittance.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

THE STORM'S LESSON

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
—Prior.

IT WAS peaceful once more in the storm-riven town along the southern shore of Lake Erie, one of America's great inland seas. It was peaceful but terrible. No frantic wind lashed at the houses and trees, no thunder rolled nor lightning crackled for the fury of the storm had been spent. It seemed that all the wrath of the earth had merged in one great wind the day before and had taken its horrible toll of death and destruction.

But it was peaceful now and one had a chance to think. There was grief everywhere. Disconsolate home makers who had put all their little wealth into a home sat among the debris and viewed the wreck of all that was dear to them. They had never thought of such a calamity. They were stupefied.

The day of the storm all was calm and peaceful along the shores of Erie, whose deep blue waters looked inviting to those who like a nice cool swim. The great lake could be calm, its gentle ripples could be converted into huge waves that would crash against the shore. It was just another day. What the end would bring no one knew. To most of the people it was a day just like any other day except that it was a half holiday, when those who wished could go to the beach to frolic in the waves or take a fishing trip or attend a moving picture show. No one knew what was in store for the peaceful little town.

In the late afternoon clouds began to race across the sky, blotting out the sun at intervals. Then the sky began to get blacker and blacker. The wind rose, a few drops of rain spattered down. It grew darker and darker outside, the wind became stronger and stronger. Then it happened. Out of the northwest came the furious tempest, bringing rain-laden clouds with it on the wings of the fierce wind which tore down on the peaceful countryside and towns with all its fury incarnate.

Its mighty blast, twisting and twirling like a tornado, struck Erie's shore at Sandusky, ripped up a portion of the town like so much paper, continued along the shore, dipping down and rising, until it reached Lorain. Upon this town it descended with a mighty deafening roar. The world turned black almost as midnight, the trees bent double, the tempest shrieked and moaned. It was chaos outside in the open air and those inside were seized with fear, for they feared the worst. From end to end the town's main street was gashed wide open and when the mad and mighty wind had passed, leaving a torrential downpour of rain as a parting gift, there was death and destruction in its wake.

Streets were streams and streams were flooded rivers. Houses had been toppled from their foundations, great buildings were unroofed, others had collapsed before the storm's mad fury. Instead of an orderly town whose scurrying inhabitants filled the streets there was ruin and disaster, dead and dying and grievously wounded beneath the debris of what had been a city.

Such disasters as this one which wrecked a flourishing city, partly wrecked another and did great damage to smaller places, make one stop and think. We may have thought ourselves of great importance and the cities we have built as monuments to our enterprise. We think we belong to a great age, an age that has conquered the air, that has chained electricity to do our work for us, an age that has created many new wonders.

Then after such a disaster as this we think again. Our great buildings are but masses of brick and mortar. Our beautiful homes are piles of rubbish. Some of our lives have been blotted out without warning, without time being given to prepare the victims for death.

We build mighty warships to protect our land from the foreign invader, we enlist an army of soldiers to fight for the country if necessary, we provide police forces to protect our households from the murderer and the burglar. We make laws to give us greater comfort and security. We have health boards to protect us from the ravages of dread epidemics of disease. We have physicians to give medicine to keep us alive. We think we are safe and secure from everything.

Then it happens. The unchained lightning of the skies, the deluge loosed from the clouds, the fury of the untamed wind, the earthquake, the volcanic eruption, any of these fierce and unconquered warriors of Nature runs amuck. Our peace is ruined, our safety is a false safety, for it does not protect; our towns and cities are destroyed, our homes are destroyed before our eyes. Many pay the storm's toll with death.

We are a helpless people, after all. We may boast of our achievements, our methods of chaining the rivers, conquering the air and other things, but we have never enslaved Nature, and any time, with little warning, the grim elements may swoop down and by their deadly work show us how helpless we really are, how puny our strength is compared to the forces of Nature.

This great storm which swept down on the peaceful shores of Lake Erie that June afternoon should teach us a lesson. It should teach us not to take ourselves too seriously, not to believe that we are indispensable to the universe. It should teach us that we are mere weaklings compared to mighty forces of the skies and the earth beneath, that it is our privilege and not our right to be in the world at all. It should teach us that we are wrong when we think we have built an impregnable wall of protection around ourselves and our property, for it doesn't take many minutes to sweep everything away, leaving nothing but a mass of ruins in the wake of the destructive elements which crumple our barriers like so much paper.

This great storm should teach us that God Almighty is our only protection and that we should look to Him for our safety at all times for His is the only hand that can protect us.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

PRESENT TROUBLES WORST

I am going to ask a favor of Aunt Martha or any reader who can furnish me with the information I desire. I would like to have the story or myth that goes with the pictures we find on willow ware and dinner sets. If it is too long to print on this page please tell me where I can obtain it. Willow ware is again coming into favor and it happens I have been very busy putting these decorations on it.

I am what is known in a pottery as a decal girl, and I will tell you how we do our work. We take the finished plain white chinaware and apply with a brush where the decoration is to go a preparation that looks like thin molasses and is very sticky. When this has dried a little we place the print or transfer paper in place, rub it with a round damp brush and then place in water which removes the paper and leaves the picture on the ware.

The ware is then racked and dried and if it is to have a line of gold or color on the edges it is taken to the liners and afterwards to the kiln and fired. This completes the job. The shop where I work furnishes ware almost entirely for the 10-cent stores.

I think there have been some fine letters in this corner containing good sensible topics that are interesting to read. They help us to realize that there are many sensible folks in the world. There always were faultfinders and always will be. When I was a little girl there were bustles and hoopskirts for the women that were outrageous. Then came yards of crinoline in skirt bottoms. I saw one recently with velvet binding, lining and all. I am glad we don't have to carry these things around.

There were leg-o-mutton sleeves with hoops in them, and Leghorn hats, which I liked, as they were good sunshades and were pretty. But they received their share of denunciation. There were chiffon hats you couldn't wear on a damp day, and after a time there came the hobble skirts and the short skirts.

Styles will change. Present troubles are always the worst. Five years from now we will have forgotten the terrible styles and fads of today. I've found that if we look after our own affairs properly we won't see so much trouble in others. It's a good world, after all, and folks are as good at heart as ever.—Peggy of Ohio.

ABSENTEE RETURNS

Please give me just a little space in which to put my letter, and don't let W. B. get me. You know I have been absent a long, long time. Didn't you miss me even the tiniest bit?

I think Jimmy's letters are cute, though to relish them you must have some sense of humor. You can be very good and laugh and smile once in a while, too.

Uncle Jeff, I bet you had good times when you were young, much better than we young people have now. I hate to bother the cousins with that flapper problem again, but really, I cannot agree at all with the way some of these flappers act. Bobbed hair does not make you a flapper. I had it until last fall when I started to let it grow, and I never called myself a flapper. In the first place the name "flapper" is very silly; if you must single flappers out from other girls, why not label them girls who have lost their common sense, if they ever had any. I think I have some grounds for my opinion on the subject, as five out of six of the girls in this neighborhood are flappers, an example enough for me. Let all of the wallflowers stick to our ideals and we will be much better off.

If any of you have any good ideas for getting a primary class interested in their Sunday school lesson, I would be very grateful to hear them. I have a primary class, and think a change now and then from the regular lesson is a good idea. Sometimes the regular lesson is rather difficult for them to understand. Do any of you cousins teach a Sunday school class? Don't you love it? I do.

Won't some of the writers I know please write? For example, Bird Scribe, Sunny Jim, etc. I was very glad to see Weary's letter on my return. It seemed like olden times, for you see she was here when I was here before.

Ruth Berger, your letter was fine, I think. I like lively letters, too, but it is good to see them where they have some sense as well. Dot of Ohio, it is my opinion if one can improve one's looks in any way within reason, it is all right to do so. Just because anyone hasn't good looks is not sufficient reason for being as homely as possible when there are many chances for improvement. Try to make the best of everything is a good thing to do in more ways than one, and I should like to be able to do it.

Well, I guess I had best trot along now, and next time I write I will try my best to introduce something new in the way of subjects. Honest Injun, I'll be pondering on something from now till then, that is if you want me to. Hoping to see some letters from the old writers soon, your long forgotten cousin—Flossie.

IN FRUIT COUNTRY

Here I come again. I see that W. B. is very busy and I think he is reading some of the W. Va. letters for I do not see so many from there as usual, but those that do come are sure all right. I like to read those that tell about nice rides the cousins have had and I will tell you one I had a couple weeks ago.

First we started eastward and kept going through the great walnut orchards where there is not a handful of weeds to 20 acres and the ground is as clean and nice as a garden. We passed big lemon orchards where the trees are bending with fine yellow fruit waiting to be shipped to you eastern people who make lemonade and other nice things out of them. Then we went through big orange orchards loaded with fruit and also almost bending with the bloom for next season's crop, and they are so fragrant that it is almost too strong for one to smell. . . . see the orange trees bloom while the fruit is still on and unlike the lemons they only bear once a year while the lemons bear all the time and continue to have bloom, small fruit and ripe fruit at the same time.

We headed the other way and drove up the sea coast till we came to a nice sandy shore where the surf was not too strong and here we got out and sat in the clean, dry sand while the girls in the crowd took off their shoes and stockings and went in wading and it was fun to see them scamper back when a big wave would come trying to catch them.

Well it is time to hunt grunnions and I was wondering how many of the cousins have ever hunted grunnions. I wonder how many of the cousins know anything about trade rats. Guess I will have to tell them about the grunnions and the trade rats too and while I am about it I would like to know if there are any of the cousins who read the Blade from Wayne county, Ohio. I attended a picnic not long ago that was arranged by the former residents of Wayne county and I took the cake for I was the oldest pioneer from there. I came to Wayne county over 85 years ago and that was quite a time before any of the picnickers came there.

In my next letter I will tell you about hunting grunnions, about the trade rats and also mariwanna.—J. M. Baker from California.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Well, we finally got moved into our new house and everybody is tired except I guess our neighbors in the old place, who is happy cause we left them. Mamma says they're all happy except Mrs. Riley, who probably is crying cause Papa is going to live in another neighborhood. This made Papa laugh and he said the Rileys wasn't so far away and he still had a machine which he could use to visit them, and Mamma said he better not try it.

We got a nice house even if there isn't no yard full of grass but only dirt. The first night we didn't have no lights nor gas, and so had to sit in the candle light, which is the same thing as dark, and also had to eat a cold meal cause Mamma couldn't cook without no gas to cook with. I'm glad we don't have to live nowadays with candles to light as they used to do a long time ago. It must have been awful for a boy who couldn't tell whether his mamma really meant it when she scolded him or was only fooling. I can always tell by looking at Mamma's face, but with a candle you can't see much of her face.

When it come time to putting up the beds so we could sleep it was dark and Papa had a hard time finding all the bed slats. He said Mamma had the moving men put each slat in a different place, and Mamma said she didn't do it at all, but the moving men did it just to have a joke. Finally Papa managed to find enough slats for one bed and all us three slept together without no pillows cause they were hidden too by the moving men.

They put me in the middle and I almost lost my breath cause Mamma and Papa took up about all the bed except a strip two inches wide which was for me. You can bet I was glad the next morning when I came to and started right out to hunt up all the slats so I wouldn't be taking two whole inches of Mamma's and Papa's bed another night, cause I don't want them to suffer any if they did. I found the slats too.

I guess we will be happy again when we get all settled and Papa has got over having to pay for a whole truck just to get the moving men to move us. Papa says he thinks he'll go into the moving business, for after a fellow has moved two families he can retire for life unless he wants to become a millionaire which he can do if he keeps in the business a year.—Jimmy.

Mixing With Martha

Vegetable Marrow Sauce.

Take 1 large vegetable marrow, peel and take all seeds from it; cut thin long slices, put on a flat dish and sprinkle with salt. Stand 12 hours; drain off every particle of water. Take 2 quarts of best vinegar, 1 ounce of ground ginger, ½ pound loaf of sugar, 1 ounce turmerie, a few chillies, little cayenne pepper, and 10 shallots. Boil this well together about 15 minutes. Then put the marrow in and boil another 10 minutes. This is ready for use when cold. Very palatable to any kind of meat.

How to Cook Spinach.

Wash well, put in a kettle with no water except that which clings to it; put over a slow fire until it wilts down, then add salt and tablespoon bacon fat. Cook 20 minutes or more, drain well, chop fine and serve with slices of hard-boiled egg on top.

Rhubarb Jam.

To 6 lbs. of rhubarb add 6 lbs. of sugar and 6 large lemons. Cut the rhubarb in small pieces; slice the lemons very thin. Put the fruit in a large bowl and cover with sugar, letting it stand for 24 hours. Boil for about ¾ of an hour; do not stir more than necessary, as it looks better when not broken up. Put in glasses and cover with paper or parafin.

Snatches From W. B.

I like the farm as a place to live, for in the woods every spring there are wild flowers, squirrels and birds who build their nests and fill the air with song.—Happy Girl of Ohio.

I like on a farm with my father, mother, brothers and sisters and like the life the best of all. Snowbird and Redwing, you are my classmates in Sunday school, aren't you? I don't read novels and do not think they are good for young people to read.—Just a Postage Stamp.

We are two girls of North Carolina, writing to tell how we enjoy reading the letters from the boys and girls of other states. We think every girl should dress to suit herself. We are flappers, but we don't kiss every boy who comes along.—July Girls.

Filipino Siamese Twins

—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

ONLY death can part these twins, Lucio Godino at the left and Semplicio, his brother. They are Filipinos by birth and are 16 years old. They weigh 260 pounds together and have been studying in government schools in the Philippines. They are now in the United States to continue their education.

BOYS AND GIRLS

DO KIND DEEDS NOW

I am a jolly girl who expects to graduate from high school next year. If you boys and girls have an opportunity to get an education take advantage of it, and if you have no opportunity, make one. You will never regret it. Our school has dismissed for the year, and I am home. I try to be jolly, but if I were to give vent to my feelings I would weep, not because I don't like home, but because there is a vacant chair here. Although it may be occupied, it will never be filled, for my father, who sat in it, has been dead five years.

He has gone from earth and others have forgotten him, but I haven't. I remember how my father used to toil when I was a mere child. I remember him as he was on his deathbed. I will never forget my last impressions of him.

Although we love our friends, we do not know how to appreciate their presence until they are gone. When we are ill we say how thankful we will be when we are well. Death is a much more serious word than sickness, so while your family circle is unbroken you should rejoice before it is too late.

In company I try to enjoy life, but when left alone I weep. No one knows it but God and myself. My mother will probably see this letter in print, but will not have the least idea that it is mine.

Let me impress upon you that you should be thankful that you are not in a worse condition than you are. If you can do a kind deed, act before it is too late, for we cannot read our tombstone when we are dead. Do your deeds of kindness now; respect and encourage your friends, although you are discouraged.—Smile-Hidder Troubles.

WHAT TOBACCO DOES

May I drop in for a chat? I think we cousins should make the habits of Motorcycle Rider our habits and wish everyone would regard tobacco as harmful as I regard it.

Tobacco makes you nervous, gives you smoker's sore throat, cuts off your breath and is hard on your heart. Some men will sow a few seeds and a little stinking weed will spring up. Later when the plant is larger the worms will begin coming. My father chews tobacco and I know by experience. I also have had to worm the filthy weed. The worms eat about half the plant and then some will die on it. They will dry up and later the plant will be cut and hung up to be cured. Afterwards it goes into men's mouths.

The men will claim that tobacco is clean and there is no harm in using it. But they are making a mistake. Some girls want to use tobacco but here is a girl who will never taste the filthy stuff if she can help it.

Other things I am against besides tobacco are evolution and foreign immigration.—Honeysuckle of W. Va.

LIKES TO HOE

This is my second letter. I live on a farm where we raise turkeys, chickens, cows and horses. My hobbies are washing dishes and taking care of my little sister. She is one year old.

I don't believe there is any harm in reading novels, Impulsive Pep. What do the rest of you think about it? I am well acquainted with Redwing and Blue Eyes and like them very much. We three go to school together. Redwing, I don't think girls should go with boys until they are 17 or 18.

How many of the girls like to hoe corn. I do, and expect to hoe a good deal this summer. I have five sisters and four brothers. One sister stays at Charleston, where she works in an axe factory. Another sister works on the farm. She wears overalls and can drive the horses, plow, harrow, mow, rake and do all kinds of boys' work. People say she looks more like a boy than a girl.

Come again, Jenny and Humpty Dumpty.—Pollyanna of W. Va.

OUTDOOR LOVER

If you will admit a stranger into your circle I'll promise not to stay long. Move over and let me sit behind Nature Lover of Pa., so W. B. won't see me. I think it is time that the flapper question be dropped so we can discuss a more interesting subject.

How many of the cousins like to work outdoors. I like it, and have much work outdoors to do. Reading is my hobby, and I read everything that I can get that is worth reading. Blue Eyes of W. Va., come again. What became of Keystone Bachelor? I'll bet he isn't a bachelor any more.

I am another West Virginia girl and live on a farm with my father and mother, brothers and sisters. I go to school every winter and would like to be a school teacher some time. I think anyone ought to be proud to be a teacher.—Brown Eyes of W. Va.

Protects the Top

A large square of oilcloth placed on the mahogany dining room table before putting on the "silence cloth" will prove a great protection against hot dishes or spilled liquids.

A Few Cleaning Hints

Candy or Sugar—Apply clean cold water.

Chewing Gum—Use carbona and elbow grease.

Coffee, Tea and Fruit—Dip in hot solution of soda—one pound to a gallon of water—then in hot soapy water. Should this not remove stain dip in ammonia and soda and hang in sun.

Grass Stains—Rub with ammonia, wash in solution of soda—one pound to the gallon of water. Solution should be hot.

Ink—Soak the spot in strong salt water and rinse in strong solution of ammonia. Repeat if necessary.

Mud—Soak in kerosene and rinse in hot water.

Nicotine—Hot water and soap.

Oil and Grease Stains—Place clean cloth or blotting paper beneath spot, rub with gasoline or benzine. Cover with Fuller's earth or powdered chalk and leave in sun for a few hours.

Paint—Mix half ammonia with half turpentine. Shake well and dab on stain. Scrape off and remove spot with benzine. If not thoroughly removed, proceed as for oil and grease stains.

Perspiration—Wash out in clear cold water and dab on ammonia. Dry in shade.

Rust—Lemon juice and salt. Leave in sun to dry. Repeat if necessary. Rust may also be removed with oxalic acid—this should be used carefully as ofttimes it injures the fabric.

Scorch—If not too severe, rinse in soapy water, dab on white vinegar and allow to dry in sun. Repeat if necessary.

Shoe Polish—Use turpentine and remove with benzine or gasoline.

Tar—Soften tar with glycerine. Scrape off well. Dab on benzine. Wash in soda water with ammonia. Another remedy is to soak in warm milk and salt.

Chat With Cousins

Summer is here with its fine weather and its storms. The birds are happy, the flowers are bright and their colors help make the world a beautiful one. The winds are gentle and cooling, thrice welcome after a hot day when the sun seems to set everything on fire, it is so hot.

The little streams seem to invite one to sit down in the cool shade of some forest monarch and fish or dream a few hours away. The inland lakes beckon to us to forsake our jobs and take a nice long vacation on their shores, where we can loaf or swim or fish to our heart's content. In the evenings the long white roads of ballroom smoothness invite us to crank up the flivver and bowl over them to see the surrounding country.

In summer we flock around the lemonade stands and soda fountains seeking to quench our thirst. This season is an indolent season when work is twice as hard as the same work in cold weather. Summer lulls us to sleep for we are different than animals which hibernate during the winter months. We do our hibernating in the summer and let the world go on as best it can while we pursue pleasure.

Maybe you don't understand what we are driving at, so we will elucidate. In the winter months our Household family gathers around the fireplace at night and proceeds to write nice letters to the cousins. The mail is heavy with these letters and sometimes we are lost in the avalanche.

Spring comes and the stream of letters continue, but in diminishing quantity. Finally summer is here and the stream dries up almost completely, the same as the burning rays of the sun do their deadly work on the real streams and rivers in July and August. In summer the Household page has to be irrigated to keep it growing for there are no huge streams of refreshing letters to help it. We ask you cousins to help irrigate it.

You may not feel like writing a letter. You may be busy with your summer pursuits. You may have fallen asleep at some fishing resort. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing please set aside a little time to write a letter to the Household page to help tide the page over the summer season.

M. H. J. of Ohio, your corn bread recipe never reached Aunt Martha's desk. Too often writers send matters pertaining to two or more departments on one sheet of paper, and it never gets to but one department. We cannot advertise your old relics, M. J. H.

We would like to hear that you found your boy who disappeared, Louis V. of Indiana, but we cannot print advertisements free on this page or any other page. If you wish a free notice you must consult with the advertising department and pay the rates charged.

We are not familiar with the markets for old coins, C. A. H. of Ohio, and so cannot tell you where you can sell yours. C. A. H. has a con that bears the date of 1807.

The poem entitled "The Preacher's Vacation" was published in this paper on Feb. 28, 1924, and we cannot repeat it in these columns for some time, Mrs. L. L. of Ind., we hope you understand why, for if we made this a custom there would be no space left for poems that hadn't been published for a long time and which other readers might want. The space for poetry is limited and it's a job satisfying the demands of as many readers as we do. Probably if some reader has a copy of this poem or an old paper of that date he will send it to you. If any reader has please send it to Mrs. Lenora Locke, Stockwell, Ind.

We don't like to turn down any requests made by readers, but often it is impossible to grant them. We try to accommodate as many as possible, but of course there are many we cannot accommodate. Please don't ask the impossible of us and do not request addresses of business firms or of individual writers. Many of those writing to us do not care to have their addresses published, and that is their business. They should remember to sign their names and addresses, however, and we will treat them as a matter of confidence. Also we try to have the Poets' Corner accommodate as many as possible and we use the method of not republishing any poem which has appeared within the year.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Cider sherbert is excellent served with the game course.

Roast rabbit is excellent stuffed with chestnut dressing.

Pour egg custards into ramekins, cover with buttered paper and steam until firm.

Pineapple shortcake is good made either with biscuit dough or plain cup cake.

An excellent crust for a meat or vegetable pie is made with boiled bean pulp.

Silverware that is not in use is apt to tarnish. Keep near it a lump of camphor.

Child-birth

HOW thousands of women, by the simple method of an eminent physician, have avoided unnecessary miseries through many months and up to the moment Baby has arrived, is fully explained in the remarkable book "Motherhood and the Baby." Tells also what to do before and after baby comes, probable date of birth, baby rules, etc., and about "Mother's Friend," used by three generations of mothers, and sold in all drug stores everywhere. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally, is safe, free from narcotics, permits easier natural readjustment of muscles and nerves during expectancy and childbirth. Start using it today. Mrs. E. E. Kerger, Slayton, Minn., says: "It pulled me through." Send for book today, to Bradfield Regulator Co., B-76, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend" is sold at all drug stores.

—Advertisement.

POETS' CORNER

The Honest Deacon

An honest man was Deacon Ray,
And though a Christian good,
He had one fault—the love of drink,
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too,
He would at dinner time
Indulge to quite a great extent
In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The Deacon had his pew;
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He has a seat there too.

One Sunday, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sin within their flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe,
Each thought his neighbor'd get dressed down,
So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full;
The Deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late; for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and ample aisle
He stiffly tottered on;
And by the time he'd reached his seat
The sermon had begun.

The parson of transgressors spoke,
And of the wrath to flee;
And soon he to the query came—
"The drunkard—where is he?"

A pause; and then the deacon rose,
And answered like a man—
Though with a hiccup in his voice—
"Here, parson—hic—'ere I am."

Of course the consternation
Was great on every side;
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed,
With his remarks kept on,
And warned him to forsake his ways;
The deacon then sat down.

'Twas soon another question came,
With no more welcome sound—
"Where is the wicked hypocrite?"
This made them all turn round.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire
Who 'twas the parson meant;
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,
Turned round and spoke to Lee;
"Come, squire—hic—come, get up;
I did when he called me."

Cousin Jedediah

Oh! Jacob get the cows home
And put them in the pen,
For the cousins are a-coming
To see us all again;
The dowdy's in the pan,
And the turkey's on the fire,
And we all must get ready
For Cousin Jedediah.

CHORUS.

And Azariah, and Aunt Sophia,
All coming here to tea;
Oh won't we have a jolly time!
Oh won't we have a jolly time!
Jerusha, put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea.

Now, Obed, wash your face, boy,
And tallow up your shoes,
While I go see Aunt Betty
And tell her all the news;
And Kitty, slick your hair,
And put on your Sunday gown,
For Cousin Jedediah
Comes right from Boston town.

And, Job, you peel the onions,
And wash and fix the 'taters,
We'll have them on the table
In these shiny painted waiters;
Put on your brand new boots,
And those trousers with the straps,
Aunt Sophia'll take a shine to you,
If you look real slick, perhaps.

Tell Josh to put the colt
In the double-seated chaise,
Let him just card down the cattle,
Give them a little hay;
I'll wear my nice new bell crown
I bought of old Uriah,
And I'll guess we'll astonish
Our Cousin Jedediah.

In the Upper Garden

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Just beyond the river Jordan,
Just across its chilling tide,
There's a land of life eternal,
Thro' its vales sweet waters glide.
By the crystal river flowing,
Grows the tree of life so fair,
Many loved ones wait our coming
In the Upper Garden there.

CHORUS.

We shall meet them some bright morning,
Resting by the waters fair;
They are waiting for our coming
In the Upper Garden there.

Growing the Upper Garden,
"Flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed,"
In that land shall reach perfection
By the heav'nly Gard'ner dressed.
There the flowers bloom forever,
Death can find no entrance there;
There is life and light eternal,
There is joy beyond compare.

There the birds from earth transplanted
For our coming watch and wait,
In the Upper Garden growing,
Just within the golden gate.
Though our hearts may break with sorrow,
By the grief so hard to bear,
We shall meet them some glad morning
In the Upper Garden there.

Waiting for My Ship to Come In

I stand here idly waiting for my fairy ship to land,
Glancing upon the sunshine as it gilds the sparkling sand,
Dreaming of wondrous treasures which shall be my own some day,
When from some distant country my ship shall sail away.

CHORUS.

For I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
Waiting for my ship to come in.

The days are pleasant to me with the friends I dearly love,
They might be less delightful in some enchanted grove,
Yet to those who cluster round me I sometimes gaily say,
You shall share my fairy fortune when it comes to me some day.

What Others Say

Let me then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make the rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Come ye home a hero,
Or come ye not home at all;
The lads you leave will mind you
Till Ludlow tower shall fall.
—A. E. Housman.

Love God and love thy neighbor, watch and pray.
These are the words and works of life; this do
And live; who does not thus hath lost heaven's way.
—Henry Vaughan.

Young Charlotte

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,
In a wild and lonely spot,
There were no dwellings for three miles wide
Except her father's cot;
And yet on many a winter night
Young swains were gathered there;
For her father kept a social board,
And she was very fair.

One New Year's eve as the sun went down,
Far looked her wistful eye,
Out from the frosty window pane,
As the merry sleighs dashed by.
At the village fifteen miles away,
Was to be a ball that night;
And though the air was piercing cold,
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eye,
As a well known voice she heard,
And dashing up to the cottage door,
Her lover's sleigh appeared.
"O daughter dear!" the mother cried,
"This blanket 'round you fold;
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
You will get your death of cold."

"O nay! O nay!" young Charlotte cried,
As she laughed like a gipsy queen;
"To ride in blankets muffled up,
I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough;
You know 'tis lined throughout,
And there is my silken scarf to twine
My head and neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And swift they sped down the mountainside,
And over the hills away.
With muffled beat so silently,
Five miles at length were passed;
When Charles, with few and shivering words,
The silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;
My reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
"I'm exceedingly cold."
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed,
Much faster than before;
And thus five other dreary miles,
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles: "How fast the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow,"
And Charlotte still more faintly said,
"I'm growing warmer now."
Thus on they rode through the frosty air,
And the blustering, cold starlight;
Until at last the village lamps
And the ballroom came in sight.

They reached the door, and Charles sprang out,
And held his hand to her;
"Why sit you like a monument,
That hath no power to stir?"
He called her once, he called her twice;
She answered not a word;
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his—'twas cold,
And hard as any stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
And the cold stars o'er it shone.
Then quickly to the lighted hall,
Her lifeless form he bore;
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye,
Her voice was heard no more.

And there he sat down by her side,
While bitter tears did flow;
And cried, "My own, my charming bride,
You never more shall know."
He twined his arms about her neck,
He kissed her marble brow;
And his thoughts flew back to where she said:
"I'm growing warmer now."

He bore her out into the sleigh
And with her he drove home,
And when he reached the cottage door,
Oh, how her parents mourned;
They mourned the loss of their daughter dear,
While Charles mourned o'er their gloom,
Until with grief his heart did break,
And they slumber in one tomb.

Our Modern Public Schools

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomy, mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed of sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
When their heads were hollow.

AFRAID SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Operation Advised, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made It Unnecessary

Glasgow, Kentucky.—"I was run-down, nervous, with no appetite. My side had given me trouble for five or six years. At times it was all I could do to live, and the doctor said I couldn't live but a short time longer without an operation. That was two years ago. My sister-in-law recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She had never used it herself, but she said one of her neighbors suffered just like I did, and it cured her. After I had taken four bottles the pain left my side. I had a fine appetite to eat anything that was put before me, and I began to do all my work and my washing, something I hadn't done for years. I am a dressmaker, and this last fall I began suffering with my side again, so I began taking the Vegetable Compound again. I am on my fourth bottle, which makes eight in all I have taken. I feel so much better when I take it and everybody tells me I look better. My appetite improves and I feel stronger in every way. I am a very nervous woman and it seems to help my nerves so much."—Mrs. MAGGIE WALLER, Glasgow, Kentucky.

THE GIRL A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Copyright, 1924, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Continued From Last Week.

VI
The Old Cinnabar

I was wondering, speculatively, how the little lady—when she stood beside me her head came about level with my shoulder—was going to explain me to her father. But I needn't have bothered my brains about that. We had seemingly left all of the conventions and social hamperings at the bottom of the big hill.

"Daddy, here is a man I found down at the head of Antelope Gulch; he had lost his way, so I brought him home with me," was the simple manner in which she launched me; and I found myself shaking hands with an elderly man who looked as if he might be a farmer, or a miner, or something of that nature—you will know what I mean; flannel shirt, trousers tucked into boots, iron-gray whiskers all over his face, an eye as mild as a collie dog's.

"You done plum' right, Jeanie," he remarked; and then to me: "Come right on in, stranger, and be at home. If you don't see what you want, ask for it." After which he went to take care of the piebald pony.

The log cabin proved to be primitive only on the outside. The interior was a dream of cozy homeliness; rag carpet on the floor; chintz curtains at the windows; heavy home-built furnishings designed for solid comfort; a glorious stone fireplace with a wood fire snapping and crackling in its depths against the chill of the high-mountain night. A hanging lamp lighted this haven of rest, and in its mild glow I had my first real look at the girl.

She wasn't beautiful in any show-girl meaning of the word; she was something far better — piquant, charming. I was going to say winsome, only the word has been so knocked about and misused that it doesn't mean anything any more. Pressed for another word, I should have called her lovable after the fashion that Shakespeare made his Rosalind lovable; not too easily to be won, but a most cuddlesome thing afterward. A round little face, wind-tanned to a tint as delicious as the blush in the heart of an apple-blossom, a jolly bit of a nose, tip-tilted enough to bespeak a healthy sense of humor, a mouth neither too large nor too small upheld by a firm, round chin, and the chin upheld by an extra firm little jaw. As she had admitted, her eyes were blue—the blue that shades into violet—and they were well-set; wide apart and perfectly fearless; the kind of eyes fit to match the straight-lined brows that usually go with them.

At the moment she was dressed sensibly for the road; a two-piece riding uniform that looked like washed khaki and probably was washed khaki—a coat that fitted like a soldier's tunic, neat brown riding boots, divided skirts, a soft felt hat to match. The coat, which she stripped off as we stood before the fire, had pockets like a man's; and the stripping process revealed the trimmest of brown canvas cartridge-belts sagging around her waist, with a six-gun carried in its holster with the grip forward, cowboy fashion.

"Ah!" said I, nodding toward the gun. "I see now why you weren't frightened when I loomed up before you on the road a little while back. I'm glad I'm still alive."

She laughed.

"I don't think you were in any great danger." Then, as if an apology were needed: "Daddy always makes me carry the gun when I'm going anywhere out of his sight. You see, he's lived all of his life on what used to be called the frontier, and he can't realize yet that it is no longer a gun country."

"I'm not so sure that it isn't still a gun country," I put in. "I've been shot at at least once today. I know, because I heard the bullet. But could you use a gun if you had to?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose so. Goodness knows, Daddy has taken pains enough trying to teach me how to make the hand quicker than the eye. But now you'll have to excuse me. Please make yourself comfortable; I've got to go and get supper."

At that I lost her for the time being, and sat alone before the cheerful blaze, chuckling quietly to myself over the mad adventures of the day and their highly romantic, not to say miraculous, outcome. Beyond all manner of doubt I had stumbled upon the three talismans of Cousin Percy's cryptic letter. By the most marvelous of accidents I had discovered the girl, the horse and the dog; and, if the remainder of Percy's letter were to be taken at its face value I should now be in touch with my legacy.

As to the character of that legacy, there could now be no further question. Grandfather Jasper had left me a mine; and I was fully prepared to find it the drowned mine of Bullerton's story. What I might be able to make of it was a matter which could well be postponed to another day. Just as I reached this postponing conclusion, the girl's father came in, drew up a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, and began to make me welcome in a mild-mannered way, saying that they didn't have much company, and were always "master" glad to see a new face. He did not ask me any troublesome questions; and beyond telling me his name, which was Hiram Twombly, did not volunteer any information about himself or his daughter, nor did he explain how they came to be living in so much comparative comfort in such an out-of-the-way place.

A little later the girl returned to set the table, and presently we had supper. It was an amazingly good meal; crisp bacon, fried potatoes, biscuits and honey, and coffee that was most delicious in spite of the condensed milk which was made to serve as cream. "Homey" is the word that best fitted the supper, the meal marching in perfect harmony with the rag carpet, the chintz curtains and the cozy fireside.

The talk of the table was purely desultory, as if all three of us were trying to dodge an issue of some sort. As I remember it, we chatted about the weather, the difference between the climate of the eastern and western slopes of the range, the bracing nights, even in June, at an altitude of five thousand feet—all sorts of inocuous things like these. Through it all, there was no word of mention as to why the dark and deserted buildings on the opposite side of the great mine dump, and, on the other hand, my hosts were just as careful to avoid any reference to my reasons for making aimless foot tours in a region where I was measurably certain to get lost.

After we left the table the blue-eyed maiden got housewifely busy again, and the old man and I sat before the fire and smoked. I had a few cigars in my pocket and I gave him one.

"M-mph!" he said, running it back and forth under his nose, "I haven't seen what you may call a real see-gar in a month o' Sundays. Got another one for yourself?"

I said I had, but preferred the corn-cob pipe he had given me. That seemed to loosen him up a bit more, pried the talk away from the weather, at least. I don't remember just how it was that we finally drifted around to automobiles and motor boats and such things, but we did, and maybe I may have bragged a bit about having driven and tinkered pretty nearly all the breeds of go-carts on land and water—as I really had.

"Know about machinery, do you?" said my hearth-mate; and then, with a humorous glint in his mild eyes: "Shouldn't wonder if you could be a sort of a God-send to me, if you wanted to. Tomorruh, if you ain't in too big a hurry to be leavin' us, I'll get you to show me a few things that I don't know, 'long them lines, maybe."

Of course, I acquiesced cheerfully—too cheerfully, perhaps, for the old man switched the talk back to less interesting things and said no more about extending my welcome. By and by the girl came in and sat down to knit, just as her grandmother might have done, and at that her father got up, and, lighting a lantern, went out. I was fairly perishing by this time to know a vast number of things, but hardly knew how to begin asking about them. So, as the old man clapped on his hat and left the cabin, I blew out the first foolish remark that came uppermost.

"All dressed up, and nowhere to go; isn't that about the way of it for you two up on this mountain?"

"Meaning Daddy, and now, particularly?" she said, smiling across at me. "He has gone to make his regular round of the mine buildings and cabins. Not that there is the slightest use of it; only he likes to feel that he is at least pretending to earn his pay."

"The mine?" I queried.

"Yes; this is the old Cinnabar, you know; and Daddy is the—well, I suppose you might call us the caretakers, though there isn't much to take care of. The mine has been shut down for a year and more."

"Is it a gold mine?"

"It was."

"Why the past tense?"

"Water," she said briefly. "It's a drowned mine. That is why it is shut down."

Of course, this was exactly what I was expecting to hear, and yet this plain unvarnished confirmation of things gave me a damp and soggy feeling of despondency. Percy had wired, you remember, that his letter was no joke; but it seemed that it really was one, and that the joke—which was a mighty grim one—was on me.

"Can't the water be pumped out?" I asked.

"It seems not. I understand the company spent thousands of dollars trying to pump it out. There is one big building completely filled with machinery; boilers and engines and everything. Daddy will show you tomorrow, if you care to see the plant. It's—it's rather pitiful."

"You mean the company's loss?"

"No; the company didn't lose anything. It was just one old man."

Now we were coming to the real meat of the thing, and I looked my hand of cards over carefully to the end that I should not overplay it.

"I'm fond of stories," I ventured; "especially mining stories," and thereupon she told me the story of the Cinnabar. It was a fair repetition of Bullerton's tale, with a few more of the particulars thrown in.

To brief these particulars: It seemed that the original Cinnabar Company had more than made good; had dug gold and paid dividends until the capital stock was worth four of five to one. Then, as it seemed, at the height of prosperity the water had begun to come in; real water—not the financial kind. As my blue-eyed little Scheherazade understood it, my grandfather had been a minority stockholder in the company during the prosperous period. When the water debacle came, the fact of it was carefully concealed from him, and he was generously permitted to come to the rescue—which he did by paying a fabulous sum (Scheheranzade did not know how much) for his fellow-stockholders' holdings. In other words, they had sold him a gold brick; soaked him for a final clean-up on a doomed mine. That was about all there was to it.

"But you say that pumping machinery was installed; who did that?" I asked, after she had finished the sorry tale of the drowning and soaking.

"After Mr. Dudley bought the mine for himself, he employed these same people to operate it for him. Of course, in a little time they had to tell him that the water was gaining on them. It seems that he put more money in and authorized them to buy all sorts of pumps and things. It didn't do any good, as they probably knew it wouldn't; and in a few weeks they had to shut down."

"Who were these original highbinders?" I inquired.

"Some Cripple Creek capitalists; neither Daddy nor I know any of their names. We were not here at the time."

"Did my—did the old gentleman you speak of ever come out here himself?"

She nodded.

"Once that we know of: that was after it was all over and the place was deserted. At that time Daddy had taken up a claim just west of here in the next gulch, and we were living in this cabin; squatters, I guess you'd call us. This used to be the mine superintendent's house, and it was empty, like all of the others. Daddy said we might as well be getting the use of it; anyhow, until somebody came along who had a better right. So we camped down."

"That was quite right and proper. And this Mr. Jasper Dudley: he didn't turn you out when he came, did he?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he was very kind. When he found that Daddy's gulch claim wasn't going to pan out anything he said he needed a caretaker here, and since that time he has sent us money every month. But now I suppose it will all be different."

"Why should it be different?"

"Mr. Dudley is dead," she said, looking steadily into the glowing heart of the fire.

"But the heirs?" I suggested.

"We don't even know who they are. When Mr. Dudley went away he left a sealed envelope with Daddy. He said he might come back some time, but if he didn't, or couldn't, Daddy was to keep the envelope and give it to his—Mr. Dudley's representative; whoever that might be."

Talk about plots thickening! This one was already as thick as molasses in the dead of winter.

"How were you to know this representative, if one should come?" I edged in cautiously.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I should suppose he would be able to identify himself in some way, though; shouldn't you?—that is, if he ever comes."

"Sure; nothing easier, of course," I agreed; and then, since we seemed to have scraped the bottom of the Cinnabar dish clean, I switched off to something else.

"When we were coming up the road a while back, Miss Jeanie, you gathered the impression that I was a crazy man, didn't you?"

"Didn't you try to give me that impression?" she countered.

"I fancy I didn't have to try very hard—in as much as you had been spending the afternoon in Atropia."

She forced a queer little laugh and bent lower over her knitting.

"How do you know I spent the afternoon in Atropia?"

"I don't know it, of course, but I have good circumstantial evidence that you were there at the time that the through train stopped at the Atropia tank to water the engine."

"You were on that train?" she said.

"Yes; and I saw Barney and your horse. Barney jumped up on the station platform and stuck his tongue out at me."

At this, she began to look rather painfully self-conscious, and in common charity I had to help her out. So I switched again, saying:

"When you were in Atropia, did you see or hear anything of the other crazy man?"

"Is there another one?" she asked, a bit breathlessly.

"I was told so in Angels this afternoon; by a man who carried a gun, wore a big silver star, and needed a shave very badly indeed. His words, as I recall them, were, 'My gosh' two of you in the same cog-goned week!" And he added that the other one had gone to Atropia."

"Is this other man a friend of yours?" she wanted to know.

"You could scarcely call him that: I've met him only once. He is a mining engineer, and his name is Bullerton—Charles Bullerton."

If I had reached up and got her pistol out of its holster over the [illegible] to bang it off into the fireplace, she could hardly have been more startled.

"Ch-Charles Bullerton?" she stammered; "is Mr. Bullerton here?"

"Not here, exactly; but, according to the man with the silver star and the need of a shave, he was in Atropia two days ago. Yet stay; the chief of police, or whatever he may be, didn't call Bullerton by name; he merely mentioned him as another crazy man headed for Atropia. The remainder of it is inference—my inference. I chanced to hear in Cripple Creek some days ago that Mr. Bullerton was contemplating a journey in this direction. Do you, by any chance, happen to know him?"

"Oh, yes; qui-quite well."

"Then, naturally, you know best whether or not he is in my class—the crazy class, I mean."

Once more she let the blue eyes drop to her knitting, and if I wasn't very much mistaken the pretty lips were twisting themselves in a sort of wry smile.

"The last time I saw him he told me he was crazy," she admitted.

"Isn't this delightful!" I murmured. "Bullerton is crazy, and I'm crazy; perhaps we are all a bit crazy. You remember what the old Quaker lady said to her husband as they sat in meeting watching the people come in: 'All the world is queer, John, save thee and me; and sometimes thee's a little queer.' Do you know, Miss Jeanie, that I have come thousands of miles to find you?"

"To find me?"—the blue eyes were as round as the full moon.

"Even so; you, your horse, and your dog. Would you—er—would you permit an exceedingly personal question? — remembering always that it is put by a man who has lost his wits?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"Of course, you don't; nobody would. But I am virtually obliged to ask the question, you know. Have you a small brown mole on your left shoulder?"

"I think you are crazy—completely crazy."

"Certainly I am; there hasn't been the slightest doubt of it since—well, since about two weeks ago, when I started out to hunt for you and a pie-faced dog and a piebald horse."

There was silence before the fire for a long minute, and I began to be afraid Daddy Hiram would come back before anything else happened. Then she said, with more curiosity than resentment, I thought:

"How did you know about the mole?"

"Then there is one?" I questioned eagerly.

"Y-yes."

"Glory be!" I chanted. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from whatever poor fragment of a mind I have left."

Again she said, "I don't know what you mean."

"No; certainly you don't; you wouldn't know in a thousand guesses."

Silence again, and this time I did my share of the puzzling. How did that mole get into Percy's letter? That is what I wanted to know. I hadn't even begun to figure it out when she said:

"Aren't you leaving it rather awfully for me, don't you think?—not telling me anything?"

I had an idea she was going to insist upon knowing, then and there, but I was not quite ready to tell her, or anybody, that I was the looked-for "representative" of Mr. Jasper Dudley.

"Just you wait," I begged. "I have lucid intervals at times; all crazy folks do, you know. When my next one comes along I'll explain as much as I can—which isn't nearly as much as you might think, at that."

It was just at this moment that her father returned, so she went on with her sock-knitting while we two men talked a bit and had a bedtime smoke. Pretty soon I began to get sleepy—a natural consequence of the strenuous day—and at the third yawn, which I was trying vainly to hide, Daddy Twombley lighted a candle and offered to show me my bunk.

This proved to be in the cabin loft, as the blue-eyed maiden had threatened, and the stair was just a common ladder. Father Hiram left me the candle, and I had blown the light out and rolled myself in the blankets before I realized that the loft must be directly over the room with the fireplace in it.

I was so workmanly tired that I fell asleep almost at once, and why I should have awakened before morning, I don't know. But I did awaken, and though I don't know what time it was, it seemed as if I hadn't been asleep more than a few minutes. There were voices in the room beneath; Twombly and his daughter had not yet gone to bed, so it must have been reasonably early. I had no manner of right to listen in, but short of stuffing cotton in my ears there didn't seem to be any easy way of staying out—and I didn't have any cotton.

"Yes"—this in the girl's sober tones—"I found him sitting beside the road at the head of Antelope Gulch; I think he must have climbed out of the gulch itself. . . . No, I wasn't exactly scared; but, of course, after what I had heard at Atropia, it startled me a little. Barney made friends with him right away, and that gave me a feeling that there wasn't anything to be afraid of."

There was a pause, and then the old man chipped in:

"S'pose you go over the thing again, Jeanie. I'm sort o' mixed up on it, yet."

"It was this way: I'd been over to Mrs. Haggerty's for a while and afterward I walked down to the railroad office with Buddy. He had some new magazines, and I sat down to look them through. Before very long, a freight train passed, going west, and just as it went out of sight beyond the water tank, the telegraph instruments seemed to go crazy, and Buddy said, 'Gosh-all-Friday!' and fairly jumped to answer.

"It was Angels talking, telling Buddy that some crazy man had stolen a gasoline inspection car at the Angels depot, and was running away with it up the line: Buddy was to throw a switch in front of it and run it off the track if he couldn't stop it any other way. Buddy wired right back that Number Seventeen had already passed, going west, and that the thief would most probably never get half way to Atropia alive.

"That was all we heard until just before I started home. Then I guess the Angels operator had a little spare time on his hands, so he called Buddy again and told him all about it; how this man had come to Angels on Number Five, and Five's conductor had warned Ike Beasley, the marshal, telling him that the man who had just got off the Pullman was a lunatic. It seems that the man went right up-town and left his suit case at Wing Poo's. Then he tried to hire a horse to ride to Atropia; but by that time Buck Bradley had heard about him, and, of course, wouldn't let him have one."

"Sure, he wouldn't!" said the man's voice.

"It was after he had been to the livery stable that he went back to the depot; and when the inspection car came along with the division engineer and the roadmaster, he waited until the two men went into the Angels telegraph office to find out where Number Seventeen was, and then stole the car and ran away with it. The two railroad officials hurried down to the copper mine yard and got the switching engine to chase him. They found the inspection car stopped just below Four Buttes, with Number Seventeen coming down on it, with the man trying to get it off the track and out of the way. When he found he wasn't going to have time, he ran back into the hills with both of the train crews chasing him. But they didn't catch him."

Another little interval of silence and then the man's voice began again.

"You reckon this is him, all right enough, up in the loft, don't you, Jeanie?"

"There can't be any doubt of it. The Angels operator described him for Buddy; a big, handsome young man, smooth-faced, and wearing gray tweeds and a golf cap to match. There couldn't very well be two of them to fit the same description."

"That's him, right enough," said Daddy Hiram, still reckless with his grammar. Then: "I'm sure sorry for him. Of course, he's clean gone bughouse; but after all, what he did wasn't noways vi'lent, as you might say. He'd set his fool head on gettin' to 'Tropia, some way 'r other; though what in Sam Hill he was goin' to look for in that little dried up burg, nobody but a looney could tell. Ain't that about the way you're stackin' it up, Jeanie?"

There was another little spell of silence, and I figured that the blue-eyed maiden was deliberating as to whether or not she'd better tell her father at this time those few things that I'd let slip in talking with her. She knew perfectly well what I'd expected to find in Atropia. Evidently her inward vote as to the advisability of opening up to Daddy Hiram was a Nay, for presently she said:

"I'm not at all sure he is crazy, Daddy. There's a—there's a mystery of some sort about him, and I half believe he is taking it as a good joke and trying to help it along. Part of the time he talks just as sensibly as anybody."

"Well, you'd say it was a dog-gone shame if a nice-appearin' young feller like him had to go to jail 'r to a 'sylum, and one o' them two places 'll grab him, sure, if the railroad folks find out where he is. Maybe this car-stealin' business wasn't meant to be nothin' but a piece o' horseplay. He looks like a young feller that'd do just such a thing as that, and then he astonished' cause people didn't have no better sense than to get mad about it. But this is what I was comin' at; what say if we try to keep him sort o' quiet up here on Cinnabar till this thing blows over—that is, s'posin' he'll stay?"

"Why—y'yes; if you think best," was the half hesitant reply; and then, as if to change the subject before it should grow to such size that she couldn't handle her side of it: "I heard something else today—something that you won't like to hear. Charles Bullerton is somewhere in this neighborhood. He was in Angels yesterday or the day before."

"Huh!" grunted Twombly; "I wonder what sort of a crooked deal he's trying to pull off now. Did he stay in Angels?"

"N-no. What I heard was that he left there to go to Atropia."

"Who was tellin' you all this?—Buddy?"

I noticed very pointedly that she neglected to answer the direct question directly. All she said was, "You may be sure Buddy won't tell him how to find us."

"No," was the growled-out response, "but somebody else will, and I don't want to see him come foolin' 'round you any more whatsoever, Jeanie girl. I kep' still the other time, but that was afore I'd found out how everlastin' crooked he is."

"You needn't be afraid for me, Daddy," said the girl, and I could hear her low laugh. "You know you've always said I'd have to marry money, and Charles Bullerton hasn't enough to tempt even me."

I heard something that sounded like a deep-throated "Gosh!—listen at that, will ye?" then: "If Charley Bullerton's been in 'Tropia he'll be bustin' in here, next, tryin' to get his claws into this here Cinnabar carcass. And me, I hain't got no boss to stand behind me. That'll be a nice kettle o' fish!"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily. It seemed to be very highly necessary that I should be made acquaited with the precise ingredients of that kettle of fish. But my luck had exhausted itself. In a few minutes there was a stir in the living room below, and I heard Daddy Twombly shoveling up ashes to cover the fire. That meant good-night; and though I continued to listen, there were no more sounds, and I was finally obliged to go to sleep, leaving the fish-kettle still unanlyzed.

VII
Honorable Scars

If I had been what I had invited Jeanie Twombly to imagine me; merely an ordinary drifting tourist set afoot in the wilds by circumstances over which I had no control, my cue to be on my way the following morning couldn't have been delayed much beyond the appetizing breakfast to which I sat down a little after seven o'clock. But since I had reached the end of the rainbow, and had no intention of moving on before I could have my chance to dig for the pot of gold which is said to be the reward of successful rainbow chasers, I was casting about for an excuse to prolong my stay when Twombly, in accordance with the bit of talk which I had overheard in the loft chamber, took the matter out of my hands.

"When we was talkin' about autermobiles and such, las' night, you let on to me that you knowed something about machinery," was the way he began. "If you ain't in a tearin' hurry to be goin' somewheres, maybe I could get you to hang 'round for a spell and show me how to take a steam ingine to pieces so 't I could clean it up and keep it from goin' to rack and ruin."

"With all the pleasure imaginable," I hastened to say, before he could have time to change his mind. "Machinery is my long suit, if I have any. And as for the hurry-on part of it, I shouldn't recognize the word if I should meet it face to face in the middle of the big road. If you and Miss Jeanie could manage to take me on as a boarder for a while, I'd be more than delighted. I may not have mentioned it before, but my—er—doctor has recommended a stay in the high and dry altitudes, you know."

On any face less guileless than the old prospector's, the smile that this bit of rough-hewn invention brought forth would have figured as an impish grin.

"You don't say! Well, now—you don't look much like a 'lunger,' he ventured.

"Don't I know it? I look disgustingly healthy, I'm sure—and eat that way, too. But you can't always tell by the looks, or the appetite, Mr. Twombly. I was worried a good bit last night for fear my coughing might keep you awake, don't you know."

"Curious," he remarked with the slow drooping of an eyelid, "I never once heard it a-tall." Which, in view of the fact that I hadn't any cough, and had slept like a hibernating bear the live-long night through, wasn't so remarkably singular as it might have been.

This little breakfast-table talk was the prelude to a day's work. While the cerulean-eyed maiden was carrying the dishes out to the kitchen, the old man donned overalls and a jumper, and a few minutes later I was introduced to the mine—my mine, if you please,—or rather to so much of it as was open to any visitor other than a submarine diver. My introduction was merely to the top works. A solidly built shaft-house equipped with a hoist and a huge double pumping installation; an ore-shed, with a home-made tipple for loading wagons; a blacksmith shop, with a forge and anvil; a few power-driven machine tools for making repairs; a scattering of cabins along the mountainside—these last for the housing of the miners who once had been and were now no more—that was all.

While he was sorting out his wrenches and hammers the old man told me the story of the Cinnabar; most of which I had already heard twice—the outline from Bullerton, and a little better rendering of it from Jeanie Twombly the previous evening; though, of course, Daddy Hiram didn't know this. His story was neither fuller nor less circumstantial than Jeanie's. The Cinnabar had once been a "producer," in ore sufficiently rich to bear wagon transportation to Atropia, and the rail tariff from there to the Copah smelters. Then the water had come in and the mine was hopelessly flooded, as I could see for myself, Daddy said, by looking in the shaft.

It did look, and my heart went hot in sympathy for good old Grandfather Jasper. The scoundrels who had done him up had not been content with merely selling him the gold brick; they had let him spend thousands more for the pumping machinery, after they, themselves, were well assured that he was merely throwing money away.

"And you say the water can't be pumped out?" I asked, after I had looked into the shaft.

Twombly shook his head.

"Looks like they give it a mighty good try, theirselves, afore they give it up," he suggested. "You see them pumps; they're whales, but you can run 'em lickety-split all day long, and come night you wouldn't know you'd ever had steam on."

"Have you ever tried it?"

He looked a bit abashed.

"It ain't my mine, and I reckon I didn't have no business to be a-monkeying. But there was wood for firin', and I didn't have a dog-blasted thing to do to keep me from rustin' out like an old b'iler. I never bothered with them deep-well fellers, of course; but I've run them two big suction pullers three days at a stretch—and never did gain a half-inch on the water in that blame' shaft."

To Be Continued

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

THE chemisier front, a new style feature, makes an overblouse really smart. No. 2152 is a style with a stimulated chemisier front since the set-in one is not easy to manage. It is a one-piece affair with drop shoulders that form short sleeves or it can be made with sleeve extensions. Two rows of machine hemstitching give the chemisier front effect. No. 2134 is a model that can be used for all occasions. If you want it for tennis use tub silk, while one of printed summer silk, dotted Swiss or voile can be worn afternoons. Crepe, gingham or chambray make it a nice morning dress.

No. 2050—Easy to Make—Truly charming and simple too, recommends this style to the fastidious woman who has little sewing experience. The design is so simple in fact, that you could finish it in a few hours. The pattern No. 2050 is obtainable in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size you will need 3¼ yards of 40-inch material with ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Price 15c.

No. 2134—Good Design—The pattern for No. 2134 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3¼ yards of 40-inch goods with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting is required. Price 15c.

No. 2061—Pretty Frock—Here's a frock you need no experience to make and fittings are unnecessary too. The diagram is a reduced likeness of the frock before the side edges are brought together. There's one straight piece for the front of the skirt, another for the back, a semi-circular piece for the waist and two pieces to the belt. Nothing could take less sewing and time than this. A bit of lace trims around the neck and a self or contrasting binding finishes the edges. The pattern No. 2061 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Price 15c.

No. 2047—Surplice Effect—It must be because women find the side-front closing becoming that the style is such a prevalent one. A lovely version of this popular mode is illustrated, the patterns for which come in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard 28-inch contrasting is required. Price 15c.

No. 2156—Bloomer Outfit—Printed voile, dotted Swiss and gingham might be selected for this little bloomer frock, the patterns for which cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. In the 8-year size, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material with 2½ yards of binding is required. Price 15c.

No. 2152—Chic Blouse—The blouse pattern No. 2152 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch goods is required. Price 15c.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF
Evidently Jeff Inhaled Some of the Turf
By "BUD" FISHER

Anderson in Prison Writes of Bar Ban

William H. Anderson, former state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, who is serving a term in Sing Sing for forgery, is to publish a book soon.

"Behind Bars for Banishing the Bar" is to be the title of the work, which is to describe Anderson's battle of several years against [illegible]

A Baby in Your Home

So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple, home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Steriltone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Simply send name and address to Dr. H. Will Elders, 1004 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo. (Copyright.) H. W. E. 1924.

—Advertisement.

PARTY PRAISES SHOWER DAVIS

Bryan Is for the Ticket, Cox Is Satisfied and McAdoo Will Travel.

William Jennings Bryan, who openly and vigorously opposed the nomination of John W. Davis as the Democratic presidential candidate, announced after Mr. Davis had been nominated that he would "support the ticket."

Mr. Bryan confirmed his comment on the convention's action to these five words:

"I shall support the ticket."

James M. Cox, Ohio, the Democratic standard bearer of 1920 and until the nomination of Mr. Davis the titular leader of the party, was loud in his praise of the party's candidate.

Praised by Cox.

"It is an instance of the party nominating one of the conspicuously able men of his generation, and it is an evidence of the fact that notwithstanding the spirit of contest over controverted questions, the Democratic party in the last analysis has its feet on the ground," said Mr. Cox in a formal statement. "Mr. Davis will make a profound impression on the country at the very outset of the campaign. None of the elements which make him an appeal are more conspicuous than his intelligence, courage and honesty."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor Smith's floor manager, made this statement:

"In John W. Davis, the Democratic party has found a candidate of whom it can be proud and the voters of the country a man on whom they can unite with confidence."

"The Democratic party will be returned throughout the country by the nomination of Mr. Davis," said Governor Brandon. "He will carry Alabama by 150,000."

Going to Europe.

William G. McAdoo from his hotel sent the following telegram to the nominee:

"Please accept congratulations on your nomination."

This was Mr. McAdoo's only public comment on Mr. Davis' nomination. Mr. McAdoo plans to sail for Europe Thursday.

COUZENS FLINGS DEFI TO G. O. P.

Refuses Allegiance Oath to National and State Republicans.

Senator James Couzens, Michigan, announcing his candidacy for nomination at the September primaries to succeed himself in a formal statement refused to pledge his full support to President Coolidge or either state or national Republican platform. He challenged the right of party "bosses" to dictate his courses of action and made his bid for the vote of Michigan electors on his past record for which, he said, he had no apologies to make.

Asked by the chairman of the Republican state central committee to sign a statement pledging his support to the party platform and endorsing President Coolidge, Senator Couzens replied he could not do so.

"If complete adherence to the proposals and politics of President Coolidge is the test of Republicanism, there are no Republicans in the national congress," he said. "I do not believe it to be the desire of my constituents that I abjectly promise to follow some one and do his bidding.

"No candidate can endorse both the state platform and President Coolidge 100 per cent," he said, "because they are in a measure inconsistent with each other.

"I believe in party government," he said, "but so long as I am a member of the party I propose to have a voice in it and not be controlled by party bosses or leaders."

LEOPOLD TAUGHT CLASS OF GIRLS

Young Daughters of Rich Sought as Witnesses Against Slayer.

Nathan Leopold, Jr.—he of the super mind, the disbeliever in God, the delver into literature of the middle ages—did not confine his teaching to middle-aged society women.

He also had a class of little girls from wealthy Chicago families—girls from 11 to 13 years of age—whom he took to woods and prairies while he discoursed on birds.

According to the Chicago Evening American Leopold had such a class of young girls to whom he taught the habits of birds, interspersed with dashes of his cold and sneering philosophy of life.

George Lewis, a bosom friend of Leopold, revealed the existence of the class and started the state's attorney's office on a quest for the girl members to add their statements to those already made by society women students of Leopold regarding the latter's sanity.

"Nathan called me up on the day after the slaying of Robert Franks," Lewis said.

"He asked me to take his class of little girls, between 11 and 12 years old, out to study birds that day.

"He seemed to be very excited, and when I asked him why he couldn't take the class himself he gave no answer.

"Three or four days after I had taken the girls' class out Nathan called me up again. He said he had been out to Calumet and that Captain Wolfe had questioned him about the Franks murder because he visited so often the region where Robert's body was found.

"He said to me: 'Somebody lost his glasses beside the culvert where the body was found. You didn't lose yours, did you?'"

In spite of their entrance into politics the women of Egypt are not abandoning their veils.

Sharon Potts, Ferryman

LAW CANNOT HALT YANKS SMUGGLING ARMS INTO CHINA

The smuggling of arms into China is making the pacification of the bandit areas and unification of the country more difficult. The capture of the largest cargo of arms and munitions thus far, aboard the American sailing ship Talbot, raises a peculiar problem for the local American authorities.

In accordance with a presidential proclamation, Americans are forbidden to export arms from the United States to China without a permit. But supposing the Americans import arms originating in another country than the United States, they are within their rights, although the intent of the presidential proclamation and also of the Washington disarmament agreement was to prevent the further importation of arms from any source into China.

Law Defends Lawless.

Under the extra-territoriality agreement the Chinese government is unable to arrest an American for smuggling or for any other crime. Only the United States court, in China, is capable of ordering the arrest or punishment of an American citizen. No law is specific, however, against Americans smuggling in China and the anti-arms law contains many loopholes. In three cases before the court under a previous judge the facts were proved, yet in two cases there were no convictions.

Should the Talbot case result in no conviction the way is open for Americans to smuggle arms into China, risking only the seizure of their cargo by Chinese customs officials in treaty ports. They may, however, land arms at other places, where the customs are inoperative.

Court Is Traveling.

As the United States court in China is now en route to Tientsin on the northern circuit, and will not return until August, it is difficult to foresee the action to be taken. Chinese customs officials are considering libeling or even confiscating the ship, which is owned by the captain, who bought the arms. Such seizure of a ship flying the American flag, which has not been done hitherto, probably would result in a protest by American officials, who, fearful of permitting the establishment of a precedent, would thus be placed in the unpleasant position of again defending an American criminal against the best interests of the Chinese government and of the United States, because of the necessity of protecting broader American interests.

May Revive Old Law.

There is a possibility of an old law being revived, making it a capital crime for an American to bear arms against the Chinese government. But in case it should be proved these arms were for some Tuchun now favorable to the Peking government, but later a revolutionary or bandit leader, then the smuggler still would be free.

Chinese comment upon this situation is unpleasant towards the United States because the natives are unable to understand the complicated technical operation of Anglo-Saxon law. Their method is to follow reason without regard to written law.

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MISSOURI AGAIN IS SHOWING 'EM

This Time State Proves Her Men Don't Work Longer Than Wives.

Ohio farmers who think they work long hours can take heart. In Missouri the results of an 11-year study of working conditions on farms there have been announced. They show that the men work 9.64 hours every day, on an average, and the women, 11.32 hours each day.

The farm woman's lightest month is February and her heaviest is March, with May, July and September almost as heavy, the Missouri summary continues. On weekdays she spends an average of 12.09 hours at household duties; on Sundays, the average is 7.7 hours.

"The greatest demand on the housewife's waking hours," the report says, "is the preparation and serving of meals, 34.7 per cent. The next item is time she uses for making her toilet or other personal and recreational purposes—25 per cent. Caring for the house takes 10 per cent of her time; laundry requires five per cent, and sewing uses of 5.4 per cent.

"Maintaining the household as a going concern required 8.17 of the 11.32 hours a day. The rest of the time, 3.15 hours is given to production work. Sewing is the most important single productive enterprise, both in hours and from the fact that it is a good filler for hours not otherwise in demand.

"The farm housewife spends an average of nearly two hours outdoors at her regular home duties. This gives variety to her employment. In May and June she spends more than three hours a day at outside work.

"A city housewife," a comparative study by the Missouri investigators shows, "gives much less time to meals, but almost exactly the same time to care of house, sewing, gardening, marketing and personal; and more time to care of children and recreation. The city housewife did less outdoor work, less productive work, but accomplished each day more hours of work at household duties."

The average size family for those Missouri country home reported on was 4.24 adults, or the equivalent; for the city home, 2.5 adults, or the equivalent.

Famed Hagenbeck Zoo Reopened in Germany

After having been closed since 1920 for financial reasons, the famous zoo at Stellingen, near Hamburg, founded by Karl Hagenbeck in 1907, has been reopened.

This is chiefly due to the initiative of Henry and Lorenz Hagenbeck, the two sons of the famous showman. Their greatest task was that of replenishing the zoo with species of beasts of prey from India and Africa that had been killed off during the World war to save food.

TROTZKY SPURS RUSSIAN FLEET

Ships Would Be Aid in Time of Conflict, Is His Reminder.

Minister of War Leon Trotzky, Commissar Leonid Krassin and other Soviet officials, at a great public gathering last week urged Russia to create her own mercantile marine in order to take care of the country's growing exports, avoid dependence on foreign owned vessels, strengthen the Red navy in time of war and secure lower freight charges.

The meeting was held in Moscow's big conservatory of music under the chairmanship of Krassin. Trotzky, who, in spite of his recent defeats within the party councils, seems to retain a firm hold on the masses, received a tumultuous reception, the applause lasting several minutes. Although looking careworn, the popular head of the Red army spoke with his old time fire and vigor. He declared that Russia is a real naval power, 39,000 to 53,000 kilometers of her frontiers consisting of coast lines.

"My desire to see Russia build up her own ocean tonnage," he said, "is prompted by the existence of a monopoly in foreign trade which this nation holds. This is faced by another monopoly in the form of foreign maritime transport. The time may come when Russia will be threatened with a coalition of the owners of foreign vessels against Russia's monopoly of foreign trade."

Trotzky stressed the importance of a mercantile marine in connection with Russia's naval forces in time of war, as they depend, he said, mutually upon another. The rapidity with which Russia has re-established her naval forces, which virtually were annihilated during the world struggle and Russia's only civil war, the minister added, was proof that Russia is capable of building up a strong commercial fleet in time of peace.

Babe Is Named for John Davis

A namesake came to John W. Davis along with the Democratic nomination for president.

The namesake is John Davis McLaughlin, born to Mrs. Mildred McLaughlin at Childs hospital in just six hours before Mr. Davis was nominated.

Mrs. McLaughlin was one of 25 expectant mothers who, before the convention opened, agreed to name the first boy for the Democratic nominee.

Twenty-three girls were born in succession. The 24th was a boy, but the mother disparaging of a nomination compromised and named him William Alfred Casper.

GERMANY CLEANS SLATE IN CHINA

Makes Fresh Post-War Start in Far East on Settlement.

Germany cleans her slate in China and makes a fresh post-war start in the Far East through the agreement definitely establishing China's war indemnity and providing for a settlement.

Though signed June 6, the terms are still unannounced, but it is learned they set a valuation on confiscated German property in Peking of between 69,000,000 and 70,000,000 Mexican dollars and place the indemnity at half of this.

Germany already has paid $4,000,000, and the agreement provides that China will take $15,000,000 in German-held China railway bonds and $15,800,000 in drawn bonds and coupons held by Germany, for the redemption of which funds now are held for China in London banks. Ready cash for China is thereby provided, for the railway bonds are mortgageable and China will retain possession of the money held in London on account of the drawn bonds.

The terms of the settlement provide Germany must indemnify her nationals for wartime confiscation of Chinese securities, but that she is not responsible to other nationals. This constitutes a final settlement of the Chinese-German claims, both governmental and private, thereby warding off the possible German complaint of the mysterious disappearance of thousands of dollars of property in China during the war.

The German-owned Asiatic bank is re-established, the books returned in Peking and the Hankow building restored.

One million nine hundred thousand dollars, Mexican, is to be paid by China as compensation for liquidated assets. The bank can return to business on the usual basis, including banknote issuance.

Three thousand German business men now in China patiently waiting for this settlement, are ready to gobble the markets while the other nations wrangle.

The diplomatic corps has decided to send a note to China, reiterating its stand regarding the Russian legation, which it holds, but announcing it is not opposed to Russia's representative regaining possession providing he gives assurance that he will abide by the regulations of the legation quarter.

The Soviet indicates it is not desirous of taking steps to recover the legation, preferring that China fight its battle.

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ART SCORNED BY GERMANS, SALE SHOWS

Paintings Go Begging at Berlin Auction; Antiques Find No Market.

Recent auctions in Berlin of paintings and etchings have demonstrated that art is about as cheap a commodity as anything purchaseable in Germany.

One of the largest dealers in works of art conducted an auction recently for which the most careful preparations were made. Despite the high cost of printing and engraving, the firm went to the expense of reproducing two dozen of the principal works by modern masters offered for sale. Yet when the day came a work by no less artist than Liebermann, which was conservatively estimated at 20,000 gold marks, went unsold because not even one-fourth of that sum was offered. An oil painting by Ludwig von Hoffmann brought only 50 marks. Other ridiculously low prices were: a large landscape by Ludwig Willroder, 380 marks; a typical painting by Eduard von Gebhardt, 200 marks; landscapes by Eugen Bracht, until recently one of the German favorites, 80 and 90 marks.

What is true of paintings is also true of other artistic things. For antique furniture, for instance, there is practically no demand at this time, and valuable first editions and rare bindings can be bought for low figures.

INDUSTRIES HIT IN PRICE SLUMP

Manufacturers Suffer Financially as Well as Farmer.

Industries allied to the farm now find themselves talking about price depression just as much as the farmers of Ohio have during the past three years.

A study of the stocks of the leading packing, farm machinery, fertilizer, leather, and mail order firms in the country from 1916 to the present time indicates this, says R. F. Taber, extension specialist in rural economics at the Ohio State university.

"Uninformed agitators often say that big business can set prices and escape losses by passing them on to the consumer or back to the producer. At least half of these companies have paid no dividends for three years; others have paid them from wartime profits wisely conserved for just such slumps.

"Economic laws govern industry as well as the farm.

"During the 1919 boom," Taber says, "these stocks reached a peak of 50 per centt above their pre-war average. Now the average has slumped to 60 per cent below the high point and the stocks are much less than two-thirds of their pre-war level.

"Despite gains last year, the average Ohio farmer is making little more than half the profits of 1918. This reduction in farm earnings shows itself in the values of Ohio farm land which, since the high point of 1920, has gone down about 30 per cent.

"Prices of stocks, which reflect earnings of industry just as farm land prices reflect the profits in farming, show a much greater decline than do farm land prices."

The Latest Markets

The upward movement of stock prices in the speculative market was arrested in the latter part of the week by a wave of profit-taking which swept over the entire list, but was practically severe in its effect only on high-priced industrials and pool specialties. Industrial and railroad stocks for the most part exhibited unusual firmness in the first four sessions of the week, particularly in the face of the uncertainty of action at the Democratic convention. Selection of John W. Davis as the Democratic standard-bearer was construed as favorable.

It was inevitable that liberal realizing sales should have come to the market in the wake of a steady advance in prices, which in some cases have apparently been ignoring current economic developments. Not much promise of reviving domestic business was furnished by the events of the week. The United States Steel corporation reported a further decline of 365,384 tons in unfilled steel orders. The government's report showed a severe drop in estimated production of corn. The oil situation, far from exhibiting new indications of improvement, showed the refiners are still flooding the country with oil and that the crude oil situation is weak. With the vast quantity of oil in storage, it is difficult to see how any quick or decisive upturn in prices is possible for a long time to come.

Public utility and railroad stocks were again the principal features in the sharp upturn of prices in the first part of the week.

American Waterworks, the most spectacular performer in the utility group advanced to 115½ before encountering much selling. Reports filtered into the market with respect to a merger of northwestern roads, stimulating speculative activity in the carrier stocks. New high prices were recorded by a few stocks.

The statement of the federal reserve banks, revealing a reduction of $58,300,000 in holdings of discounted bills, and an advance in the reserve ratio from 81.5 to 82.5 per cent further emphasized the ease in the money market. While call loan rates again declined to 2 per cent for new loans and renewals, the effect of cheap money was most noticeable in the market for high grade bonds, the demand for which continued in large volume.

Commission houses this week reported a good demand for the better grade of dividend paying industrial stocks, the floating supply of which is becoming smaller and smaller. This explains the steadiness of such stocks in the face of a heavy decline in the high priced speculative issues under profit taking from time to time. They also reported a strong price structure under the latter class of stocks and plenty of buyers at moderate concessions from the current price levels. Sentiment in the financial district is moderately bullish, with no great expectations from the market during the remainder of the summer season.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, No. 2, red, $1.22@1.23. Corn, cash, No. 2, yellow, $1.15@1.16; No. 3, yellow, $1.14@1.15. Oats, cash, No. 2, white, 60@61c; No. 3, white, 59@60c. Barley, cash, No. 2, 89c. Rye, cash, No. 2, 82c. Cloverseed, cash, $11.50; Oct., $12.50. Alsike, cash, $10.65; August, $11.80. Timothy, cash, $3.75; Sept., $3.95.

Chicago—Wheat, July, $1.18¾; Sept., $1.18½c; Dec., $1.21¼. Corn, July, $1.07½; Sept., $1.01; Dec., 85¾c. Oats, July, 54⅝c; Sept., 46⅜c; Dec., 48c. Rye, July, 81¼c; Sept., 81⅜c; Dec., 84½c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 42c; solid pack, 41c; nut margarine, 25½@26½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 21@22c; Michigan, 22½@23c; Vermont, 32c; Longhorn, 23½@24c; limburger, 25@26c.

Eggs—Candled, 28c; selects, 33c. Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 23c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 15c; 9 to 10 lbs., 14c; 11 to 12 lbs., 13c; 13 to 15 lbs., 12c. Hams—22c. Lard—11½c.

Beef—Select prime steers, 13@15c; cows, 8@9c; common, 6@7c; heifers, 10@12c; bulls, 7@8c; canners, 3@4c. Calves—Prime, 16@17c; common, 13@14c. Hogs—Light, 9½@10½c; heavy, 8@8½c; stags, 3@4c; sows, 6@7c. Sheep and lambs—Spring lambs, pelt off, 22@24c; light sheep, 7@8c; heavy, 4@5c; yearling lambs, 12@15c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 19@21c; spring ducks, 23@25c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 23@25c; henss, 21@23c; light hens, 17@18c; good broilers, 32@35c; Leghorn broilers, 25@27c; roosters, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; bull, 3c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip 10c; No. 2 kip, 8½c; cured hides, No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland — Butter, extra in tub lots, 43@44c; extra firsts, 41@42c; firsts, 39@40c; packing stock, 25@27c; standard, 41@42c; prints, 1c extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 30c; extra firsts, 29c; Ohio firsts, 27c; western firsts, 26c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 24@25c; high grade made of animal oil, 25½@26c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—Old York state, new, 22@23c; brick, 21@22c; fancy Swiss, 38@40c; limburger, 24@26c; imported, 45c. Poultry—Live heavy fat fowls, 24@25c; Leghorn broilers, 1@1½ pounds up, 25c; choice chicken broilers, colored, or heavy and medium, 30@36c; spring ducks, 27c; old ducks, 24c; roosters, 13@14c; Leghorn fowls, 18@19c. Potatoes — Michigan round whites, $2.25 per 150-pound bags, new, South Carolina Cobblers, No. 1, $3.50 per barrel; Virginia, $3.50 barrel.

Chicago—Poultry, no market on account of strike of handlers. Potatoes—Trading just fair; market weak; receipts, 178 cars; 308 cars on track; total U. S. shipments, 1,028 Missouri and Kansas sacked Irish cobblers, $1.25@1.50; few fancy sold at $1.60@1.65; sacked early Ohios, $1.25@1.50; Illinois sacked early Ohios, $1.25@1.50; Virginia barrel Irish Cobblers, $3.50@3.65. Butter—Steady; receipts, 22,445 tubs; creamery extras, 38¾c; extra firsts, 37¾@38¼c; firsts, 36@37c; seconds, 33@35c. Eggs—Higher; receipts, 34,550 cases; firsts, 25@26c; ordinary firsts, 24@24½c; storage pack firsts, 26½c.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Cattle—Receipts 200; steady; choice yearlings, $8.50@9.50; fair to good, $7.50@8.00; choice heavies, $8.50@9.50; fair to good, heavy and plain, $7.25@8.25; common and light butchers, $5.50@6.00; choice heifers, $7.00@8.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; choice butcher cows, $5.25@6.00; fair to good, $4.00@4.75; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.00@3.00; choice handyweight bulls, $5.25@6.00; choice heavy bulls, $4.50@5.00; common and bologna bulls, $4.00@4.50. Calves—Receipts, 200; 50c lower; good to choice veal calves, $11.50@12.50; fair to good, $6.00@10.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 500; 50c lower; good to choice spring lambs, $14.00@14.50; fair to good, $7.00@9.50; good to choice sheep, $6.00@7.00; good to choice ewes, $4.00@5.00; common, $2.00@3.00. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market 10c to 20c lower; yorkers, $7.90; heavies and mediums, $8.00; pigs and lights, $6.75; roughs, $6.00; stags, $4.50.

Chicago—U. S. Department of Agriculture—Hogs — Receipts, 96,000; moderately active; 15c to 25c lower; mostly 20c off; packing sows, killing pigs and lower grades show maximum decline; all interests paid $7.50 top for choice weighty butchers; bulk good and choice 250 to 325-pound butchers, $7.40@7.50; desirable 160 to 225-pound averages, $7.25@7.40; better 140 to 150-pound kind, $6.75@7.10; packing sows, $6.60@6.95; good and choice strong weight slaughter pigs, $6.25@6.50; receipts yard record for July, heaviest for current year. Cattle — Receipts, 24,000; fed steers, steady to 15c lower; better grades comparatively scarce; yearlings, fairly active; fully steady; early top long yearlings, $10.40; some heavy held at $11.00; bulk early sales fed steers and yearlings, $8.50 @ 10.00; grassy cows selling at $5.50 downward; pending lower; other grades she stock and bulls about steady; weighty bolognas upward to $5.40; numerous sales, $5.15@5.25; less desirable quality considered vealers steady to 25c lower; packers paying upward to $11.00; mostly $10.25@10.75; outsiders hand picking to $11.50; meager supply stockers and feeders; trade steady. Sheep—Receipts, 13,000; active; killing lambs, around 25c higher; early bulk fat native lambs, $13.75@14.00; fat range lambs, $14.00@14.15; sorting moderate; cull, $9.00@10.00; sheep, steady to strong; few fat handy ewes, $6.25; range breeding ewes, $6.50; early sales feeding lambs, steady; few heavy feeders, $11.70.

East Buffalo—Cattle — Receipts, 2,500; choice grades active; common and grassers slow; general market steady. Shipping steers, $8.00@10.75; butchers, $7.25@9.00; yearlings, $8.00@10.75; heifers, $6.00@8.00; fair to choice cows, $3.00@6.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; bulls, $3.00@6.00; stockers and feeders, $4.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, active and steady; $30.00@120.00. Calves — Receipts, 1,800; active and 50c higher; choice, $11.50@12.00; fair to good, $10.00@11.00; culls, $6.00@9.50; heavy, $6.00@8.00; grassers, $3.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; pigs strong and 25c higher; others mostly 10c lower; heavy mixed and yorkers, $7.85@7.95; light yorkers, $7.00@7.90; pigs, $7.00; roughs, $6.25; stags, $3.50@4.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,800; active; general market 50c higher; lambs, $6.00@15.00; yearlings, $6.00@10.50; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $2.00@7.50; mixed sheep, $7.00@7.50.

Pittsburgh — Cattle — Receipts, 1,200; steady; steers, $9.75@10.00; heifers, $7.25@8.25; cows, $5.50@6.25. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; lower; heavies, $7.80@7.90; heavy yorkers, $7.90@8.00; light yorkers, $6.75@7.00; pigs, $6.50@6.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; top sheep, $7.50; top lambs, $14.00. Calves—Receipts, 2,300; lower; top, $12.00.

Indianapolis—Hogs, receipts, 8,500; steady, heavies, $7.60@7.65; lights, $7.40@7.50; top, $7.65; pigs, $5.00@6.75. Cattle — Receipts, 1,500; good stock steady; others 15c to 25c lower; steers, $7.00@9.50; beef cows, $4.00@6.50; heifers, $6.00@9.00. Calves—Receipts, 800; steady to 50c higher; veals, $8.00@11.00. Sheep—Receipts, 500; steady; sheep, $2.00@5.00; lambs, $8.00@13.00.

HAUNTED VILLAGE IS UNCOVERED

Germans Unearth Ruins of Fabled Weinfeld Near Moselle.

Traces of what was known 400 years ago as the haunted village of Weinfeld have been unearthed recently in the Weinfelder Moor of the Eifel district north of the Moselle river, which was a part of the territory occupied by American troops immediately after the armistice.

Walls of what had once been a stone house were revealed by a peasant's plow in the center of a great field, and scientific investigators have been flocking to the Weinfelder district to take a peep at the find with the view of continuing research work to uncover the forgotten village.

According to history, Weinfeld in 1512 was a town of some 1,600 inhabitants. There was an epidemic of smallpox which removed all excepting a few of the population. Afterward the town was visited by a fire which destroyed everything excepting the stones which formed the walls of the houses. Later there were wars and armies swept through these parts and in time the site of the village was covered with earth and shrubbery and trees.

Some years ago the forest was cut down and peasants began tilling the fields over the site of the old village which is supposed to have had the curse of an evil spirit cast upon it because of outrages committed upon neighbors by some of the robber villagers who made their headquarters in Weinfeld.

Baptist Teachings Accepted by Bryan

Although he is not a member of any church, **Governor Charles W. Bryan**, vice presidential nominee of the Democratic party wishes to be classed as a Baptist, he said when questioned as to his religious affiliations. Mrs. Bryan and the governor's children are members of the First Baptist church of Lincoln, Neb., and Governor Bryan attends that church regularly with them, he said.

Governor Bryan's parents were Baptists and the governor was brought up in that religion, although he has never formally affiliated with any church. The vice presidential nominee is a believer in Christianity and a believer in what the church stands for he said, but he is not a modernist.

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JUSTICE IN U. S. IS ON DECLINE

Stone Asserts Law's Structure Strong, but Wails Make It Totter.

Attorney General Harlan F. Stone, addressing the annual convention of the American Bar association last week, declared that "notwithstanding the improvement, actual and potential, in our law," the actual administration of justice in the United States was not improving and that there were multiplying evidences that it was in a period of decline, which began before the World war and was accelerated by the war.

"That decline," he said, "is not due either to the form or substance of our legal structure, which has been steadily improving for a generation, but it is to be attributed rather to our failure to develop that facility in translating legal rules into actual control of action, which is essential to an adequate legal system.

"The traditional mode of dealing with failure in law administration on the part of the public, is by hue and cry for a victim; some failure of justice, some scandal in its administration, stir the public conscience to demand action and reform.

"The reform insisted upon is that incompetent and corrupt officials must be removed and punished and new ones appointed. Once appointed they are left to struggle on with all the forces which made their predecessors incompetent or corrupt.

"The American bar should take a positive leadership for improvement of law administration by study of the underlying forces which affect the processes of administration.

"For fully a generation we progressively have lowered the tone and standards of the bar through the increasing numbers of those entering the legal profession who are without the adequate technical training and experience and without the background of liberal education, experience and associations which make for moral responsibility.

"The most important step for the improvement of the law on its administrative side is by improvement in the training, character and morale."

Says Growing Pains Are Danger Signs

"Growing pains in children," declares Dr. J. W. Bowers of Fort Wayne, Ind., are not natural and are the direct result of infection. Therefore, he adds, the modern physician who is told that "Johnny has pains because he is growing too fast," should reply somewhat skeptically, "Is that so?" and proceed to find the real cause of the trouble.

"The examination of school children by various boards of health and school boards," says Dr. Bowers "shows that 70 per cent of school children are defective somewhere, and that fully 50 per cent of these probably have infected tonsils and adenoids. Many of these children have never seen a family physician and have never had any attention. Many of them are half-nourished, half-fed, and if they are not taken care of in this way they are neglected. It is really surprising and appalling to realize the number of diseases that are directly and indirectly caused by infected tonsils and adenoids.

VETERAN GUARDS GRANT'S TREE

Civil War Veteran Keeps Vivil Where General Made First Camp.

Eight miles west of Springfield, Ill., on the public highway to Jacksonville, Israel F. Pearce, veteran of Grant's army and participant in Sherman's march to the sea, lives in solitude on the land where General Grant pitched camp on his first day's march into the Civil war.

Pearce, the only survivor of the regiment which went into encampment on that spot the night of July 3, 1861, maintains a guard over the old camp ground and over "General Grant's tree," a large, peculiarly shaped black walnut tree, under which Grant wrote his orders.

Every morning at sunrise the tattered old flag belonging to Pearce is raised from a 30-foot flagpole near his house, and every evening at sundown the flag is lowered.

Pearce acts as a guardian for the historic spot and is glad to relate its history to passing tourists, although the historical connection is known to few people, and no marks, save the veteran's flag, are to be seen on the land.

"General Grant's tree," perhaps three feet in diameter, stands near the house. There, Pearce tells tourists, he saw Grant, sitting astride a peculiar limb growth, near the ground, writing the first day's orders. Grant's tent was pitched a few feet from the tree, and he once addressed the regiment from a spot near where the tall flagpole now stands.

Pearce was quartered both at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and on July 4, 1863, marched into Vicksburg with Grant and his army, just two years after the regiment left its first camp near the walnut tree. From Vicksburg, Pearce went with Sherman on his march to the sea, through the Carolinas and on to Washington. He participated in the grand review up Pennsylvania avenue at the close of the war.

Trade Discrimination Denied in Parliament

The old question of charges of discrimination by the British Board of Trade against United States shipping, which, so far as the British press is concerned, seems to be dormant, came up in the house of commons again recently.

The president of the board of trade was asked by a member if he was acquainted with the resolution proposed in the United States senate six months ago, demanding information from the shipping board on alleged discrimination by the board against American ships, and if such discrimination existed.

The answer was that there was not any truth in such a suggestion, and that vessels under all flags enjoyed perfect equality in British ports.

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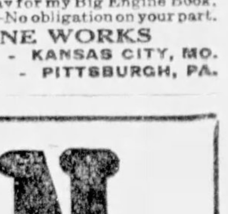

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RUSSIA LIGHTS TORCH OF NEW BALKAN WAR

Bulgarian Peasants, With Moscow Help, Plot for Chain of Republics to Be Soviet Ruled.

An agrarian revolution, supported by Moscow, with the purpose of establishing a chain of Soviet peasant republics throughout the Balkans, is being planned by disgruntled Bulgarian peasants.

They hope to recapture the power lost through Premier Stambulisky's fall by co-operating with the Macedonians, who are outraged by the recent "official" murder of their leader, Petkov Andwich, by Croatian peasants led by Stefan Radich. The center for the outbreak will be Bulgaria.

Plans are under way and the revolutionists have received indeterminate amounts of money for arms from Moscow and elsewhere. There already have been small sporadic outbreaks in Bulgarian provinces, one town being captured by peasant Communists and held two days, while the city of Varna recently was the scene of a small armed revolt.

Revolt Is Fomented.

Simultaneously with the turning of the Bulgarians and Macedonians toward Moscow, Radich is trying to stir up the Nationalist minorities in Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania to united action in favor of self-determination, promising them Russia's support. Although all those governments except Bulgaria have the situation pretty tightly buttoned up, the importance of the scheme must not be underestimated.

Moscow always has worked most effectively with the weapon of discontented nationals, as Hungarian experience and Turkish diplomatic victories showed, and there is plenty of outraged national feeling among the unrepresented minorities of all the newly created Balkan states.

Radich Barred by Austria.

It is significant that Austria, which last year granted Stefan Radich asylum when he returned from England after negotiating with Liberal and Labor party members for support for the federal United South Slavs state—an idea to replace the present centralized Jugo-Slavia under a Serbian hegemony—now has abruptly refused to harbor him upon his return from Moscow, on the ground that his political activities are not compatible with Austria's strict neutrality.

Radich, educated in France as a trained economist, has a mythical power over peasants. He always has posed as a pacifist whose object was to assure, by political means, the self-governing of Croatia in a federal Jugo-Slav union, such as originally was planned in President Wilson's program.

He expected his plan of sending Croatian deputies to Belgrade to capture a parliamentary majority would cause the defeat of Premier Pachich and give the federalists the upper hand.

Given Moscow Backing.

He also counted on the British Labor party's support, but the "Old Fox of the Balkans" proved to be smarter, dissolved parliament and called new elections, while Britain's Labor government showed no more inclination to disturb the Balkan status quo than had the Conservatives. That drove Radich to Moscow, where he received a warm welcome and lessons in direct methods.

Macedonian history fundamentally is similar. The country looked first for help to the west. Failing there, it turned to Moscow.

Moscow, in assuming the role of protector of the Balkan minorities and supporters of the peasantry—whose program of land division is the antithesis of the Soviet tenet of land nationalization—takes up the role once sponsored by Woodrow Wilson and can become a dangerous force in inflaming the Balkans, which, since the World war, reach to the center of Europe.

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RURAL CHURCH BEHIND TIMES

Service Dean Sees All Professions Cutting Into Ranks of Pulpit.

Rural church work has not kept pace with progress in other lines of endeavor and must be remodeled if it is to succeed, Dr. Charles Lathrop, dean of the social service department, Protestant Episcopal church, New York, declared in Madison, Wis., at the national interchurch conference.

Larger church districts and more inviting financial returns were said by Dr. Lathrop to be two of the necessary measures to make rural work successful.

"In the earlier days of rural church work, denominations rushed into a community, built a church and set up an organization to get the residents for its members," Dean Lathrop said. "A number of churches entered every community. This was done a decade or more ago and today the same church system exists, although denominations are not so hurried in entering new fields.

"The chief difficulty with the rural church movement is that it has been at a standstill for a decade. It has not kept pace with the trend of modern inventions and conveniences. It does not offer an inviting field for young men who are starting their life work."

Too much of the modern education system is directed to the training of boys and girls for "white collar jobs," the Rev. W. P. McDermott, leader at the conference, told church representatives. He advocated the education of young people in farm methods and advantages through country fairs and similar expositions as well as in high schools.

"Boys and girls must be educated to remain on the farm," the Rev. McDermott said. "We do not want to keep all of them on farms, but we need to find real farmers and show them the advantages of remaining in agricultural work. The rest can go to the city and engage in medicine or law or some other profession."

Home of Democratic Nominee

—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

THIS is the beautiful home of John W. Davis, who was nominated by the Democratic party for president. The home is at Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.

N.Y. Convention Ends With Roar; Everybody Thanked, Even Police

Welling up through all the bitterness of the days and nights that have gone, a mighty, formless roar blasted its way through the dingy trappings of Madison Square Garden July 9 to tell that a miracle had happened; that a decision had been reached and that John W. Davis of West Virginia had been nominated by acclamation to carry the Democratic standard for 1924.

At last, against all the bitter cross currents of the sweltering days and nights that lay behind, the deadlocked convention that will live in political history forever had broken through the long jam of conflicting opinion. Almost without realizing what it had done, it hurled itself as one man into the rush that brought Davis votes flooding faster than clerks could write the record. Resistless as the surge of the sea, the Davis tide engulfed the wearied host, and the battle was over.

One hundred and three times Governor Brandon of Alabama had risen in his place beneath the state standard to send out the first vote on each ballot:

"A-a-al-a-BAM-a-a-a, twen-tee four for UN-N-N-N-DER-R-R-WO-D-D-D."

Deadlock Over.

So he voted the state on the 103rd roll call; but before the last name on the roll had been called, the Canal Zone, it was clear that the deadlock was over and that Davis had become the choice of the individual delegates beyond a shadow of a doubt.

All about the floor state leaders were shouting for recognition to change their votes and swing in line with the rising tide. Brennan of Illinois was yelling to be heard; Roosevelt in New York's big cluster of 90 delegates, was up on his crutches waving for attention of the chair: there was din and confusion everywhere.

Pounding with the last of the gavels, Chairman Walsh sought to get order out of the confusion and write the formal record of what was already done. At last he saw the Alabaman, champion of the senator, who was the only serious contender on that last ballot.

"The chair recognizes the gentleman from Alabama, Gov. Brandon," he shouted into the rising din.

Clarion Call Awaited.

As was its custom, the surging mass on the floor paused to listen to that clarion call from the Southern delegate. Time and again as the seemingly endless round of balloting had progressed the convention had joined him in his shout, drowning out even his stentorian roar as he voted for Alabama's favorite son. It waited a moment now to hear the first change in the vote of the first state on the roll.

"A-a-a-la-BAM-a-a-a changes its vote," Brandon roared in tones that were but a husky whisper of the mighty shout of earlier sessions. "Twen-n-ntee-four for Da-a-a-vis-s-s-," he concluded, and the convention went wild.

Then Brennan hurled Illinois' block of 58 votes, united for the first time, to the Davis column. Roosevelt, smiling and eager as on that mad day when he placed "Al" Smith in nomination amid a nerve wracking din from the galleries that beggared description, sent New York's 90 to Davis, and Tam Taggart, thrusting upward from Indiana's place on the floor, fought for attention to make the motion that unseated the rules and declared the West Virginian the unanimous choice of the convention. There was no record of the vote. The din of approbation swelled on into the surging demonstration on the floor into which, at last, every standard was plunged.

The noes were never asked for.

Down in the West Virginia section, the "fool friends" who had stuck it out through all the conflict to win victory at last, though tired and weary, were frantic with joy. All about them hollow-eyed men and women, worn with the long struggle, forgot their fatigue in generous salute to the new leader of the party.

Everywhere the delegates were facing toward the West Virginia standard, dancing high in the air above the delegation in the hands of a Davis man who flung it up and down in emotional relief.

Davis Pictures Appear.

Someone dug out again the state flag of West Virginia and swung its blue-edged spread of white back and forth. Standards bearing huge pictures of the man to whom the party has entrusted its destiny and the healing of its wounds, appeared as by magic to go bobbing up and down the jammed aisles.

Ripped up from their places, the state standards bobbed again into the parade around the aisles while high above, the band launched into a final fury of music that spurred the weary host below to new efforts and shouting. But it seemed the convention was like a tired man, stretching and sighing in profound pleasure at the end of a gruelling task.

Up on the speakers' platform, the figure of Senator Walsh, the center of the wild scenes of past nights and days as he fought to keep proceedings in orderly channels, to stifle harsh outbursts and rule with reason and fairness to all, loomed above the swaying crowd below. He was trim and dapper again despite the all-night vigil under heavy responsibilities and again as often in the last few days, he caught the attention of the delegates to receive their friendly greeting.

"Walsh! Walsh! Walsh!"

"Walsh for vice president! Walsh! Walsh!" was shouted at him as the parade of standards filed by. Sometimes it came from a southern group, sometimes from an eastern state or again from his own western colleagues. A Davis standard had been lifted to the stand and Walsh stood beside it while a photographer sought to get a picture. Again and again the Montana senator waved for silence but the shouting would not down. "Walsh! Walsh! Walsh!" came roaring up to him from the floor, from east and south and north and west alike. The sound of it grew and grew in volume until it seemed certain that the convention would have its way despite every restraint, and force the vice presidential nomination on him by acclamation. Only his own serious determination that it should not be, blocked such a result.

The convention listened respectfully to what Senator Walsh said, but met his concluding words with renewed cries of "Walsh! Walsh! Walsh!" The senator put the motion and the thin chorus of ayes was almost utterly lost in the general din and babel of sound on the floor. Then he called for the noes and a roaring murmur of dissent came back, but crash went the gavel amid the confusion and uproar.

Loses Self in Crowd.

"The convention stands adjourned until 8:30 o'clock tonight," the senator shouted. Then he turned swiftly away from any possible questioning of his action and lost himself in the platform crowd.

At the end the convention adopted a series of recommendations thanking everybody and everything.

When the question of thanking the police came up, a couple of delegates who must have run afoul of a New York cop bellowed some lusty noes, but the convention laughingly adopted the resolution.

The convention also adopted a resolution of sympathy and thanks to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson for her tender care of the late president.

SOCIALISTS DENOUNCE KU KLUX KLAN FOR SECRET METHODS

The Socialist party last week officially condemned the Ku Klux Klan by name after the sharpest debate in the national convention in Cleveland. The resolution said:

"We emphatically condemn the Ku Klux Klan and every other effort to divide the workers on racial or religious lines, and to affect political purposes by secret or terroristic methods."

Opposition developed on the ground that the party was injecting itself into a religious fight with which it was not concerned and that a pronouncement covering only the party's stand in opposition to attempts to divide the workers was better suited to a Socialist declaration.

The substitute was defeated 19 to 53 and the resolution was then passed 56 to 15. This represented less than half the full registration for the convention, but the subject came up in the closing hour of the gathering after many of the delegates had departed for their homes.

To Explain Stand.

To assuage the feelings engendered by the debate, Morris Hillquit, New York, had passed an instruction to the party's executive committee to circulate a pamphlet setting forth the party's detailed position on the subject. "This would have a good effect upon not only the general public but on some of the delegates to this convention," said Hillquit after George M. Goebel, New Jersey, who moved the substitute, had attempted to shut off his talk on a point of order.

"The fact that Ku Kluxism preaches hatred of the Jewish banker and the Catholic banker is not ground for dodging this issue," he continued. "That sort of talk is the foundation of the anti-Semitic movement in Europe and those who see in it an evidence of socialistic thought are plain fools. So long as the klansmen merely hates the Jew or the Roman Catholic or the Negro, they are merely exercising a personal privilege, but when they put on their pillow slips to intimidate voters and commit murder in opposition to the rule of, for and by the people, then it is time for every Socialist to take a stand against them, and on the side of civic right and liberty."

Fascisti Condemned.

The convention also passed resolutions denouncing the Fascisti movement and the assassination there of the Socialist deputy, Matteotti. "If our government were sincere in its opposition to governments which maintain their power by violence it would send home the Italian ambassador," said this declaration.

The convention adopted a resolution favoring removal of legal discriminations against women by specific measures not prejudicial to women's labor laws or other social welfare legislation.

This was not so specific as had been requested of the convention by the Women's National party. A dozen other declarations were passed, the avalanche of resolutions coming in place of a formal platform which the party passed over Monday when it endorsed the La-Follette candidacy and the platform adopted by the Conference for Progressive Political Action.

Among these declarations were resolutions pledging active support to the child labor amendment, favoring proportional representation for minorities in executive bodies, inodrsing Victor Berger's bill for circulating $1,000,000,000 loan with which to restore the economic balance between the United States and Central Europe and condemning the thumb print system of identifying immigrants.

Would Aid Farmer.

A lengthy resolution provided for farm loans on public credit, public ownership of transportation and marketing facilities, governmental stabilization of farm prices and co-operative purchasing of supplies and of farms on lengthy credits to individuals by the government.

The convention selected a new national executive committee of seven and created the office of national chairman, naming Eugene V. Debs for the latter honor. It also selected a special committee to visit the veteran leader of the party at Elmhurst, Ill., and extend to him personally the affectionate greetings of the delegates.

Cabbie Gets Riches, Dies in Fortnight

William Browne, the Dublin cabman who recently found that he was heir to an estate estimated at nearly $500,000, survived his fortune by less than a fortnight.

Browne had driven his cab through Dublin for more than 50 years, and continued driving it while the estate was being administered. He fell ill and died in a private hospital.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Continuing their upward drive, to which power was added by ferocious hitting, and taking advantage of a bad slump by Washington, the New York Yankees regained the lead in the American league race during the past week. New York now is in first place a game and a half ahead of the Senators, in second. The world champions opened their home stand against the invasion of the western clubs auspiciously, taking four out of six from Chicago and the first two games from St. Louis, while Harris' hopefuls dropped three out of four to Detroit and won two of the first three in the Cleveland series.

In spite of an indifferent week's record, Detroit managed to hold on to third place and today trails Washington by one game. Chicago and St. Louis reversed positions, the White Sox moving up to fourth place. Cleveland and Boston are tied for sixth and the Athletics bring up the rear at a distance of seven games.

The New York Giants loom up as probable pennant winners in the National with a lead of seven games and a half over Chicago, their closest rivals. McGraw's outfit is now playing .667 ball, having won 52 out of 78 contests at the half-way mark of the season. In the past seven days they captured two out of three from St. Louis and bagged the first two games of the Chicago series.

Pittsburgh and Brooklyn are engaged in a cut-throat struggle for third place. The Pirates at present show the way to the Robins by one point. Cincinnati heads the second division and is followed in order by Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis. Because of the wide gaps between the teams, the National league race suffers in interest by comparison with the American.

Owing to the terrific slugging of their teammates throughout the week, Yankee pitchers were not forced to extend themselves and did not turn in any records of note. Shawkey, who held Chicago to two hits in seven innings, was the most brilliant performer. Gray and Heimach of the Athletics, however, did the best work of the boxmen who went the full route. They each let Cleveland down with four hits. High class games also were twirled by Smith and Shaute of Cleveland, Fullerton and Fuhr of the Red Sox and Johnson and Zachary of the Senators.

McGray's two premier hurlers during the week were McQuillan and Barnes, the former turning back the Cardinals with five bingles and the latter confining the Cubs to the same number. Other top-notchers in the National were Hubbell of the Phillies, Jacobs of the Cubs, Vance of the Robins and Rixey of the Reds, who scattered eight Phillies hits over 16 innings.

Jake Fournier continued to creep up on Babe Ruth in total home runs of the season. The Bambino increased his count to 24 while the Frenchman raised his to 21. Ken Williams added one to his accumulation and now has 15 to his credit. Hack Wilson and George Kelly of the Giants and Wally Pipp of the Yankees are tied at four apiece for the leading circuit clouters of the week. Mostil hit three and Veach and Lamar two each.

POSTAL BANDITS STEAL MILLIONS

Loot Valued at $7,200,000 Recovered; Robber Has Little Chance.

Postal robbers escaped with loot valued at more than $11,000,000 in the United States during 1921, 1922 and 1923.

But of this tremendous amount, according to official announcement of the United States postoffice department, $7,200,000 was recovered, leaving an actual loss for the three years of $4,017,000.

Compared to the gigantic total of money, securities, stamps and other valuable paper carried through the mails, the loss incurred through robberies was declared by Postmaster General New to have been infinitesimal.

Millions Carried Safely.

Forty million dollars in Liberty bonds were carried through the mails during the war without the loss of a single dollar, officials said. The government last year sent 500,000,000 postage stamps without a penny's loss. Millions of dollars, in coin, paper money anl securities are transmitted annually through use of the registry mail system.

A statement from the postoffice department asks the question:

"What chance has a mail bandit of getting away with his hide and his loot?"

"That is a question," said a postoffice official, "that has been puzzling the minds of a great many people throughout the country as the result of a recent hold-up of a train near Chicago and the disappearance of between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 in money and securities entrusted to the care of the United States mails."

Has Little Chance.

Chief Postoffice Inspector Rush D. Simmons declared that the mail bandit has small chance of enjoying the fruits of his operations, quoting statistics of robberies occurring in the last few years to verify his statement.

Simmons said that there were 16 holdups in 1921, 18 in 1922 and only six in 1923. In 1921 73 arrests were made and about $3,500,000 of the $6,000,000 taken was recovered. In only two of the holdups was there neither arrest nor recovery.

"In 1922 in two of the 18 major holdups there was neither arrest nor recovery," Simmons said. "Twenty-three arrests and but one case in which no arrests and no recovery took place occurred in 1923.

"And this does not mean that the robbers in those instances will escape punishment, because the postoffice inspector never lets up, and no mail robbery case is ever closed until it is closed by the apprehension of those who staged it. The postoffice inspector never quits a trail until the crook is dead or behind the bars."

Simmons added that the criminal world has a wholesome fear of postoffice inspectors.

Trapped by Perfume.

During the last year postoffice inspectors were faced by a first-class mystery in the continued rifling of registered letters and packages in the Southwest. The thefts were narrowed down to one of six postoffices.

One feature of these thefts was that after the letters and packages had been opened they were resealed. With this clue to work on, the inspector prepared six lots of mucilage, each having a different perfume—lilac, violet, lily of the valley, mignonette, rose and heliotrope. The mucilage was distributed among the six offices under suspicion, in the hope that the thief would make use of it in resealing the letters and packages.

The hope was not in vain, inspectors said, for in this manner the thief finally was apprehended and convicted.

Chemical Research Lead Held in U. S.

America still leads the world in chemical research, maintaining the supremacy which for the first time she wrested from Germany in the World war, say officials of the American Chemical society, which made public the result of an inquiry by Dr. E. J. Crane, of Ohio State university.

Attributing to Dr. J. C. Irvine of Scotland the statement that "the center of chemistry has moved to America," the report points out that greatness in this field has been largely a recent development. A feeble beginning was made at the time of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

Summarizing chemical development in America, it was recalled that the revolutionary period produced outstanding figures in Joseph Priestly and Count Rumford.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE, ONCE HILLSIDE ORATOR, FAVORED BY CHANCE

John W. Davis, Democrat, is characterized by his friends—and among them are hosts of men and women of opposing political faiths—as one of the most brilliant men in public life.

They point to his legal achievements, his oratorical ability and his intellectual attainments. Yet, until some 14 years ago, John W. Davis was a country lawyer in Clarksburg, W. Va., and was little known outside the confines of his native state.

From then on his rise was rapid. Congressman, solicitor general to the department of justice, ambassador to England, president of the American Bar association were among his successive steps up the ladder of public life.

Office Holder by Chance.

The former ambassador's entry to public life is ascribed by his family to chance. In the summer of 1909, they explain, Democrats of the First West Virginia congressional district assembled in Wheeling to select a candidate for congress. A poll of arriving delegates indicated the almost-unanimous choice of John W. Davis, Clarksburg lawyer, for the place.

News that Davis was almost certain to be nominated reached the ears of his father, John J. Davis, a former member of congress, at his home in Clarksburg. He immediately sent his son two telegrams advising him not to accept the nomination under any circumstances.

A friend, a business man of Wheeling, intercepted the wires and fearing that if the younger Davis saw them he would obey his father's instructions, pocketed them.

The country lawyer, who was later to be American ambassador to the court of St. James's, accepted the nomination and was elected by a big majority in what the Democrats conceded to be a Republican district.

Has Air of Student

Re-elected to congress in 1912, Davis scarcely had been seated when President Wilson appointed him solicitor-general of the department of justice. His associates declared Davis made the best record of all the men who have appeared in the supreme court for the department.

A tall, slender man with a shock of almost snow-white hair, a slow and gentle smile, and the general air of a student listened gravely while two assistants of the United States attorney general outlined their views on a legal point which was the crux of a case pending in the supreme court.

Finally, they paused. The solicitor general of the United States smiled, then rendered his decision.

"That sounds mighty fine, gentlemen; now, if one of you will loan me a pipeload of tobacco, both your lengthy arguments will be forgiven."

This incident happened when Davis was 45 years old, and at the time he had had more experience with big law cases than most lawyers of 70 can point to.

Celebrated cases he won were what was known as "The Pipe Line case," a decision which compelled oil companies to post their schedules and to adhere to them with respect to all well owners, the income tax law of 1913, the ship subsidy case, the Adamson eight-hour law, the selective draft act of 1917, and many others.

Popular as Diplomat.

During his term as ambassador, which began in November, 1918, it was said in London Davis was one of the most popular and highly esteemed diplomats who had represented the United States in many years.

Davis is a "good mixer." He has had enough of the rough-and-tumble of politics to keep him out of the exquisite class, despite a certain perfection in dress and distinction in appearance.

His first laurels in congress were won as prosecutor of Judge Archbold, of Pennsylvania, who was impeached in the senate.

Framed Liquor Act Clauses.

He framed the principal provision in the Webb-Kenyon act to prohibit shipments of liquor in interstate commerce to dry territory.

When he was 12 he was urged by school officials to take the examination for teacher in the Clarksburg public schools, but declined on advice of his father.

When he was 21 he was offered the presidency of the Washington and Lee university, from which he had just been graduated.

When he was 33 he was elected president of the West Virginia Bar association.

Taught by Mother.

His mother was a native of Baltimore, and she has told how, when she undertook his education, he used to roll on the floor at night, reciting his lessons as he rolled.

He was born in Clarksburg, April 13, 1873, where his father was eminent as a churchman and lawyer. After being "graduated" from his mother's "school" he attended two boarding schools, in one of which he was one of two male students in a large class of girls.

Noted for his studiousness and bashfulness, he devoted most of his time to books. Members of his family credit him with saying he would rather walk three blocks out of his way than meet a girl acquaintance. They declare that at George Young's boarding school—where the students were all girls except Davis and another boy—he was cured of his bashfulness.

In Academy at 13.

At the age of 13 he entered Pantops Academy, a preparatory school at Charlottesville, Va. At 16 he was graduated and entered Washington and Lee university.

He was graduated from the university in 1892 with the degree of bachelor of arts. In 1905 the institution conferred the degree of bachelor of law upon him. He then returned to Clarksburg and was admitted to the bar. The following year Washington and Lee called him back to serve as an assistant professor of law, a position he filled for one year.

Father's Law Partner.

Returning to Clarksburg he formed a law partnership with his father and practiced his profession until he made his first venture into public life in 1899, when he was elected to the state legislature on the Democratic ticket. As an immediate recognition of his legal knowledge he was made chairman of the judiciary committee.

After serving one term Mr. Davis retired from politics and, in accordance with the expressed wishes of his father, who was, to quote him, "sick of politics" and determined to keep his son in a law office, refused the importunities of party leaders to re-enter the political field.

He did, however, represent West Virginia as a delegate to the National Democratic conventions in 1904 and 1908.

Named to War Commission.

President Wilson in the summer of 1918 selected Mr. Davis to represent the United States on a commission to negotiate with Germany the treatment and exchange of war prisoners. When the armistice was signed the commission was sitting at Berne, Switzerland. About to return to America, announcement of the resignation of Walter Hines Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's was made, and President Wilson cabled him a proffer of the post, which he accepted.

Mr. Davis is a former president of the American bar association, a member of college fraternities, the Masons, Elks and Woodmen. His first wife was Julia T. McDonald, who died in 1900, leaving one daughter, Julia McDonald Davis. In 1912 he married Miss Ellen G. Bassel, and to this union one daughter, Ruth, was born.

G. O. P. BEGINS KENTUCKY FIGHT

Senator Watson Assails Democratic Stand on League of Nations.

The alleged "inconsistency" of the Democratic party was assailed in Newport, Ky., last week by Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, who offered the latest platform plank on the League of Nations as an example of the inconsistent methods of the Democrats.

The speech of the Indiana senator was an answer to Senator Pat Harrison's keynote address before the Democratic national convention in New York and was delivered at a dinner given by the Young Men's Lincoln club. It was construed as the opening salvo in the Republican presidential campaign in Kentucky.

"Nothing in our political history approaches the backing and filling that were indulged in on the League of Nations plank by the Democratic national convention that is closing its session in New York," Senator Watson said.

Seen as Repudiation.

"The language of this plank on the league cannot be construed in any other light than as a repudiation of the League of Nations by the very party that proposed it in this country."

The senator made slight allusion to the alleged misdeeds of the Republican cabinet officers. He asserted that the Republican party could not be held responsible for the acts and then launched into an answer of Senator Harrison's charges against the administration.

G. O. P. Achievements Claimed.

"The astonishing fact about Senator Harrison's address," he went on, "was that he claimed the principal achievement of the Republican congress as having been wrought by the Democrats; he even credited the calling of the disarmament conference by President Harding to his party. He claimed that some Democrat originally suggested it, when everybody knows that it has been discussed for 1,000 years by those who desired to see the world at peace.

"President Harding called the conference and Secretary Hughes proposed the plan and just how it can be claimed as a Democratic achievement is past comprehension."

Famous Indian Figure Passes Out of Picture

Dick Morgan, an Indian who died recently was a historic character of Alaska, it was recalled by the Rev. A. P. Kashevaroff of Juneau.

Morgan, whom the United States naval authorities had employed as a policeman nearly 50 years ago, was sent with a message from Captain L. A. Beerdslee to settle differences that had arisen between the Kockwontahn and Ganaadi tribes north of Sitka. Morgan informed the chiefs of the warring factions that they were to preserve order and to permit the white men to go through the Yukon passes.

Morgan returned February 12, 1880, with word to Captain Beerdslee that the Indian factions would remain peaceful and that the white men could enter the country without fear. As a result of this parley the Chilkat country was opened to miners.

Davis to Withdraw From Law Practice

John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for the presidency, announced he would at once sever his connection with the law firm of which he has been a member since resigning as ambassador to Great Britain.

He will wind up his business affairs as speedily as possible and then embark on "an active campaign." He contemplates weeks of speechmaking through the country.

FACE BROKE OUT WITH PIMPLES

Looked so Badly Was Ashamed. Also on Body. Cuticura Heals.

"I was troubled with an itching of my body and face. My face broke out with pimples and blackheads and looked so badly that I was ashamed to go out of the house. I tried every remedy I could think of without any improvement. A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some. After using them a short time I could see an improvement so continued the treatment, which completely healed me." (Signed) Miss Alberta Rogers, 264 W. Cerra Gorda St., Decatur, Ill., Apr. 1, 1924.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to powder and sweeten are ideal for daily toilet purposes.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

IRELAND SEEKS BAR REDUCTION

Public Asks "Reasonable" Reduction, Sponsors Now Contend.

Because there are 15,000 saloons in the Irish Free State—otherwise one saloon for every 200 of the population, men, women and children—the Irish Free State government believes that the time has come when there should be some reduction in their number.

Kevin O'Higgins, minister of home affairs, has introduced a bill into the dail dealing with the question and has delivered a strong warning to liquor interests. He said that he is not a prohibitionist, but that it is obvious that public opinion is running strongly in favor of reasonable temperance.

The bill now under discussion does not meet, for the moment, the wishes of the Temperance party that there should be a drastic cut in the number of licensed saloons, although the government admits that the demand is a reasonable one. At present the government is going no further than proposing to appoint a commission to inquire into the situation, at the same time pointing out that there is a saloon in Ireland to every 200 of the population, as against one to every 400 in England and one to every 695 in Scotland.

Without doubt the government will pass the present bill—as a forerunner to further legislation. But the debate in the dail showed disparities of opinion on the subject.

John Daly, Independent Laborite, said that under the bill they were asked not to taste a drop of liquor at all upon St. Patrick's day, and "our fathers would turn in their graves if they heard it!"

Major Bryan Cooper demurred to the implication that everybody on St. Patrick's day "by custom became partly 'boozed.'" It was a general holiday, and he thought it a hardship if a man could not get a glass of beer unless he went to a hotel.

BRITAIN BUILDS MONSTER PLANE

Ship Has Wing Span of 70 Feet; to Carry Big Bombs.

"The most wonderful airplane ever built" is the description applied to a mammoth new aeroplane now nearing completion for the British Air Force.

It is a biplane, with a wing span of 70 feet; is fuselage is stated to reach enormous proportions, housing three decks one above the other.

Its motive power will be a 1,000-horsepower Napier engine, which is stated to be, both in point of size and power, the biggest aero engine in the world. Although of immense size, however, the engine can be comfortably stowed away in the fuselage so as to be out of sight. The pilot's seat is on the top of the engine.

Inside the fuselage there are three separate decks. On the top deck is the pilot's cabin and space for armaments. The middle floor houses the chartroom and offices, while on the bottom deck are the bomb sights and more space for armaments.

The machine is reported to have been specially designed to carry the largest naval torpedo built, which will be controlled from the lower deck.

The speed of this new monster will be about 120 miles per hour normal and 150 miles per hour full speed.

Its cost is reported to be in the neighborhood of $80,000.

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